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Volume CXCVIII No. 2581 The SPHERE, London, July 23, 1949

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE DOCKERS MARCH—SOME OF THE STRIKERS PASSING ALONG THE THAMES EMBANKMENT LAST SUNDAY ON THEIR WAY FROM DOCKLAND TO THE RALLY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: "We want clean work," "No victimisation," and "Scabs in Parliament—not docks" were inscribed on some of the placards which they carried. On arrival in Trafalgar Square the dockers held a mass meeting which continued for two hours until a heavy thunderstorm scattered them

In an appeal to fellow trade unionists to back up the cause of the strikers, more than 2,000 dockers marched from London's East End to Trafalgar Square last Sunday afternoon, going by way of Tower Hill, the City, and the Victoria Embankment. With their traditional solidarity, which was evidently proof against the arguments of the Minister of Labour and of the M.P. for Rotherhithe (both of whom had indicated that the dockers were being led astray by agitators), the dockers came to the heart of London to put their case before the people. Speeches were delivered from the plinth of Nelson's Column by members of the so-called lock-out committee, and they were carried to the farthest limits of the Square by loud-speakers. Apart from occasional heckling, the Trafalgar Square proceedings were orderly, and they ended in a thunderstorm when the vast gathering was scattered. Throughout the week-end, further efforts were made to break the deadlock at the docks. Representatives of dock unions met officials of the Ministry of Labour in discussions which lasted over five hours, but the strike went on. On Saturday, the number of dock workers on strike reached 14,600. By Monday more than 6,800 servicemen were at work in dockland, loading and unloading vital shipments. (For further strike pictures see pages 114-15 of this issue)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

To Meet the Dollar Crisis.—To meet the crisis the Chancellor outlined his plans to a tense House and nation. They are drastic enough but (*pace* the Opposition) "the half was not told us." The nation felt an unexpected relief owing to the Chancellor's shrewd arrangement of his pills. The first were sugar-coated—perhaps "sugar-coated" is not the right adjective, since 2 ozs. are knocked off our ration and sweets are again to be rationed, just when the rush of the greedy is checked. But what our stomachs will lose on the swings of dollar imports, they will gain on the roundabouts of Empire. More butter, more meat, more bacon. Tobacco and petrol will receive no instant cuts. That was an unexpectedly gentle prelude. The bones and beak of our efforts to bridge the gap are grave enough: one quarter of our dollar imports last year must be cut—£100,000,000 in machinery, paper (again!), timber (which many of our experts consider should long since have been retrenched) and non-ferrous metals. Somehow these cuts must be made without producing unemployment, lower standards of living, a decline in the efficiency of our exports. On the contrary, our steel production must attain even higher levels. (And is *this* a time to halt the machine that has such a unique record, while ownership and management are vested in the State, remembering the Government's own admission that the first years under nationalisation are bound to produce some degree of chaos?) One may fear that the worst is yet to be, the half of the truth not told us. We cannot but fear it, when we look around on the domestic scene to-day. The sterling area is running a deficit with the dollar area equal to 1½ times the total of its gold reserves. And here at home many of our docks are idle, T.U. demands for wage increases are neither killed nor scotched, go-slow is in fashion, holiday-time ahead, a General Election in the offing, the nation in "two-nation" mood.

Wanted: a Leader.—As in all our major crises, the cry goes urgently up for a leader. Who will show us any good? Not that it is a sudden discovery that leadership has been lacking for nearly five years, at the head of Government and at the heart of industry. What is new is the sudden discovery or rediscovery that you can easily count possible leaders alive in Britain to-day, of any party and in any walk of life, on the fingers of one hand, and amputated at that. The Sunday "leaders" put this question of lack of leadership in their different ways. Some called for Mr. Churchill. Others saw in this tragic coincidence of two more major crises—international and domestic—the Nemesis of the fatal trade-union alliance with political socialism. Communism is a tiny minority in Britain. Why can it throw so heavy a spanner in our works? Because leadership of any other sort is lacking. Why is it lacking? What is leadership? It is the power to think for yourself and then to compel others to think as you do, and act according. A leader must know whither he would lead his followers and under what crusade banner. He must simplify his allegiances. Leadership is lacking in Government to-day because Ministers themselves have masters, whose interests must be consulted, whose advice must be listened to, whose votes must be caught and held. It is lacking in the unions because union leaders are half-persuaded of the exorable logic of our damaged economy, half-fearful for their jobs if they should fail to support their malcontents and extremists in the everlasting fight for better conditions. A considerable section of "honest" working men lack the most essential form of leadership, the power to reason for themselves, the power of self-discipline. They fall victims to the crudest agitators. When danger is extreme, when it is literally and instantly a question of life or death, "Your country first" is a slogan and a simplification adequate for success under an inspired leader.

THE VINTNERS AND AN OLD LONDON CUSTOM: This unusual scene was enacted in Upper Thames Street when the Worshipful Company of Vintners walked in procession on their way to St. James's, Garlickhythe, on the occasion of the election of their Master. The Company are preceded by wine porters who sweep the path with brooms, an act dating back to the fourteenth century when the state of the roads made this sweeping necessary

Oil Pollution.—I return to the charge of unnecessary oil pollution on our shores and tidal waters, so destructive to bird life and to coast fishings, and so discouraging to seaside holiday-makers. I use the word "unnecessary" because I have reason to believe that effective devices exist to abolish this evil and free our shores and tidal waters from pollution. First the law needs tightening-up. The only Statute in force to-day is the *Oil in Navigable Waters Act of* 1922. This Act merely imposes penalties for a culprit caught in the act of discharging inside the narrow coastal-strip limit. Those who discharge inside at night are not caught. Those who discharge outside—which they are free to do—merely increase the pollution which is largely carried in on the tides. What is required urgently is a stronger Act to require that all oil-burning vessels should be equipped with an efficient separating device. Those plants are in production and are already in use in dock installations and separating barges. Many big and small seagoing ships are also already equipped. The *Vanguard*, for example, the *Indefatigable* and a score of oilers and Fleet attendants, whalers, and suchlike. It is a matter of urgency that legislation should cover all vessels and a hideous and needless example of marine "littering" be prevented.

Unexploded Bomb.—In 1941 a huge German bomb fell among many others behind Maple's Tottenham Court Road store—and failed to explode. For eight years University College Hospital and surrounding residents have gone about their business unaware of the lurking danger from this particular unliquidated mass-killer. Now that the site is required for redevelopment, the bomb has been remembered and located and has now been rendered harmless. But because of its still potent dangers, a mass evacuation was necessary and many emergency safeguards were made. That bomb is rather in the category of our present economic "bombshell." A few experts declare that they knew the bomb was there. A few politicians declare that this economic crisis of ours was "clear as paint" years ago, and that only besotted gamblers and one-idea'd cranks could have "gone about their business" and shelved from their consciences and concealed from the nation this potential danger and this ugly fact lurking in the foundations of our economy. Before our economic bomb is also rendered harmless, many and grievous emergency measures and safeguards must be taken and, of course, even then . . . it may explode. It is, they say, easy to be wise after an event. But even accepted proverbs are not always true.

Intemperance.—Year after year I listen at the January Licensing Session of my own Bench to the police report. Year after year it records "no case of drunkenness in the division," and year after year we congratulate the local population and the nation on this happy state of affairs, so different from the days of our youth, when strong beer and cheap gin kept the justices busy with fines and warnings—when drunks were "two a penny." Judge, then, of my astonishment to read of the concern expressed at the Methodists' Conference at Liverpool regarding its members' "indifference to temperance" and increasing signs of weakening conscience and of too festive "wedding festivities." Is it possible that only in sensible Sussex this happy state obtains, or that impoverished Sussex can no longer buy liquor in sufficient bulk to attain the happy amnesia from care and anxiety? But I cannot think that probable. Perhaps the Methodists were short of an Aunt Sally to set up beside gambling and conscription.

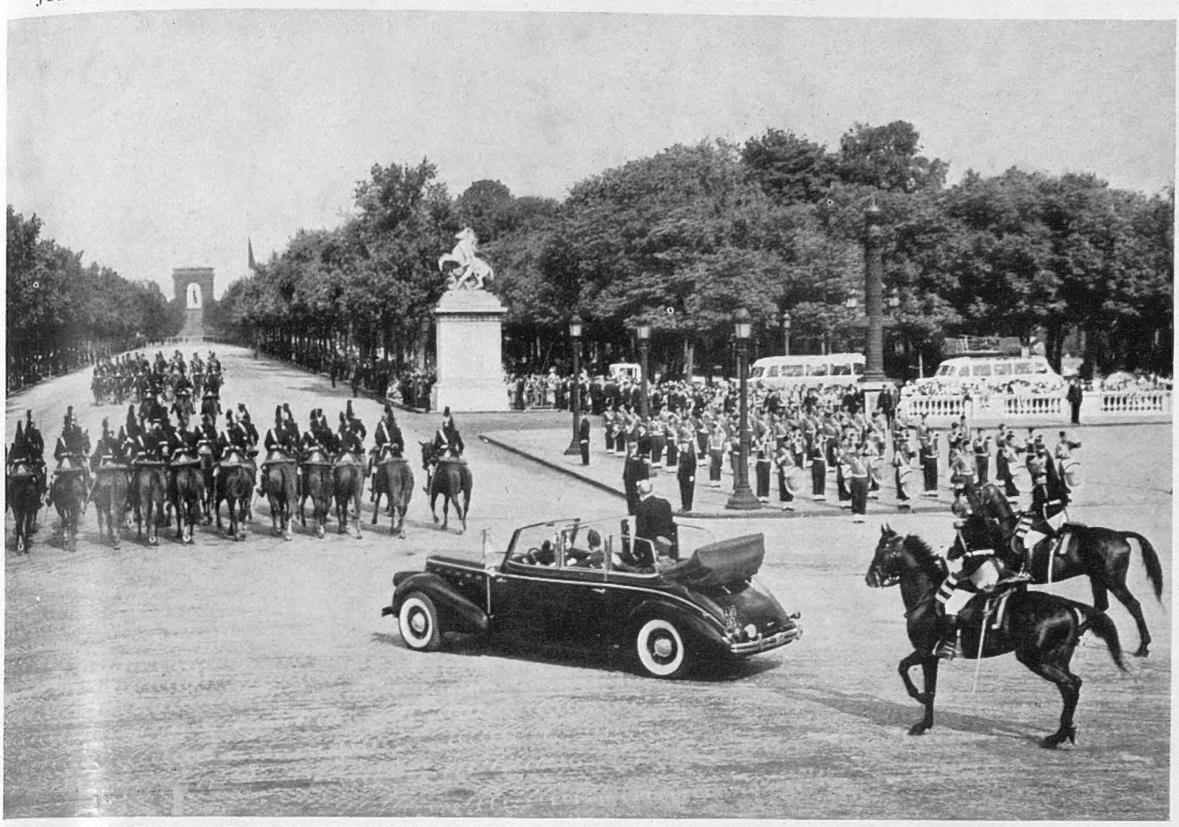
On (and In) Avon's Banks.—When first I enjoyed Shakespeare at Stratford—fresh from dancing a pavane, and dressed myself in doublet and trunk hose—we frequented an ugly, small house which I think was for a time a cinema. It seemed large enough to produce the plays adequately to satisfy my callow enthusiasm. When, decades later, I saw the grim or grand new theatre or furniture store rising on Avon's banks in 1932, I thought it would prove large enough for my lifetime, large enough for an Olympia circus. But no; it is much too small for modern Shakespeare production and audiences, and enlargements are planned. They will cost, and presumably reap, big money. Last season the Memorial Theatre showed a surplus of £10,000—a record bonanza. Is it merely to seat more Americans that the great barrack is to be enlarged, or to attempt to achieve on the stage what the Film can do with, for example, "Henry V."? "Bigger and bigger" is the slogan of the age, with records, crises, crimes, taxes, droughts and floods. Shakespeare, by all accounts a big man, wrote for a small stage, but he managed to cram the whole world into his tiny house. Why not leave it to Shakespeare?

The Comic in Art.—The exhibition at the Royal Society of Arts Gallery prompts a confession. I have been aware for some time that—due to advancing age or some other cause—I am not seeing a joke as quickly as I used to do. This is also true of tennis balls and woodcock. It takes me longer to get on to the point, the ball, the bird. As regards the pictorial arts, I sometimes wonder whether I see the joke in the wrong picture. I puzzle over the "serious" art which the P.R.A. sometimes trounces and the funny pictures in *Punch*, and often enough I end by awarding my laugh to the serious and failing to see the joke in the comic. For the intentionally funny cartoon of to-day is too telegraphic for me. I don't say that I require what *The Times* calls "balloons full of words floating from the mouths of figures" to explain the joke in modern comic art, but I do need something a little more explanatory than the present economy in line and letterpress. And I fancy the explanation is the same with funny incidents and elusive woodcock. I see too few of both to remain in practice and bring them into the bag. I belong to the days when bad smells and mothers-in-law and drunks were the chief stock-in-trade of humorists of the halls and ateliers. My sense of humour stopped short, perhaps, with Pélissier's troupe.

THE OLD STAGER

BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS

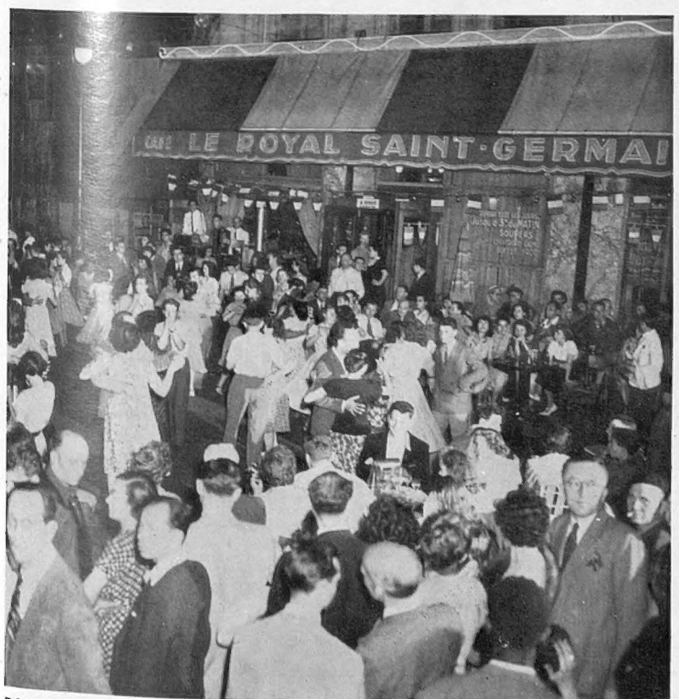
A Day of Traditional Celebration



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC ARRIVES TO TAKE THE SALUTE: President Auriol standing in his car as he drove up the Champs Élysées to the saluting base from which he witnessed the traditional military parade. Before him passed 5,000 uniformed men representing the forces of land, sea and air. In the afternoon the Communists staged their own parade

Despite a rival parade in the Place de la Bastille, by Communists and "fellow-travellers," it was none the less a traditional Bastille Day in Paris. July 14 opened in brilliant sunshine which enhanced the sense of festival, and the profusely decorated streets and squares gave the impression of a nation *en fête*. The parade down the Champs Élysées was, as ever, the big moment of the day, with President Auriol taking the salute as the mounted Garde Republicaine, the Spahis and the cadets from St. Cyr passed before him with fine precision. Tanks, half-track vehicles and self-propelled guns also took part in the parade, and at the finish came the low altitude flying of the Halifax bombers, the Mustangs, the Thunderbolts and the Vampires, the last-named drowning all other noise with the whine of their jets.

THE LEFT-WING GATHERING IN THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE: Some of the Communist leaders and "fellow-travellers" who foregathered to watch the rival parade in the east end of Paris on the afternoon of Bastille Day. Left to Right—Benoit Frachon, Yves Farges (Socialist), Maurice Thorez, Jacques Duclos, Andre Marty and Marcel Cachin at the Tribune



DANCING IN THE STREETS AT ST. GERMAIN DES PRES: Parisians enjoying themselves in traditional fashion on the night of Bastille Day, when the dancing continued into the early hours. It had been a day of brilliant sunshine, and was followed by a perfect July evening

FIREWORKS ILLUMINATE THE ILE DE LA CITÊ, IN THE HEART OF THE CELEBRATING FRENCH CAPITAL: This dramatic picture shows the floodlit beauty of the cathedral of Notre Dame, with rockets bursting in the sky beyond. The firework display came from the left bank of the Seine, in the neighbouring Jardin des Plantes

A SEAFIRE COMES TO GRIEF: The pilot was unhurt and is being assisted from the cockpit by a fireman in his asbestos suit. The incident took place during the first week-end exercises of an R.N.V.R. Flying Squadron which took place on H.M.S. "Implacable"

SEAFIRES ON THE FORWARD LIFT OF H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE": R.N.V.R. ratings assist the R.N. aircraft handling party during the R.N.V.R. Flying Squadron's summer "camp" for their annual training. The ten days' "camp" takes place this year on H.M.S. "Implacable," flagship of Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, C.-in-C., Home Fleet

THE NAVY'S WEEK-END FLYERS

An R.N.V.R. Flying Squadron on H.M.S. *Implacable*

THE C.O. OF 1832 SQUADRON R.N.V.R. WITH THE SQUADRON BATTING OFFICER: Lieutenant D. G. McQueen, D.S.C., R.N., with Lieut.-Commander G. McC. Rutherford, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., on board the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. "Implacable"

The exercises which took place on H.M.S. *Implacable*, while she cruised off the Isle of Wight, were held during this year's summer "camps" of the R.N.V.R. Flying Squadron. Many pilots were making their first deck landings since the war, and the crash illustrated above was one of several mishaps. Like the R.A.A.F., the week-end airmen of the R.A.F., these R.N.V.R. squadrons have their annual training camps, and this year is the first in which they are taking place on an aircraft-carrier. The "batsmen" controlling the deck landings were kept busy in the early days of the exercises. 1832 Squadron of London Air Group of the R.N.V.R. were the first to do their ten days' flying training.

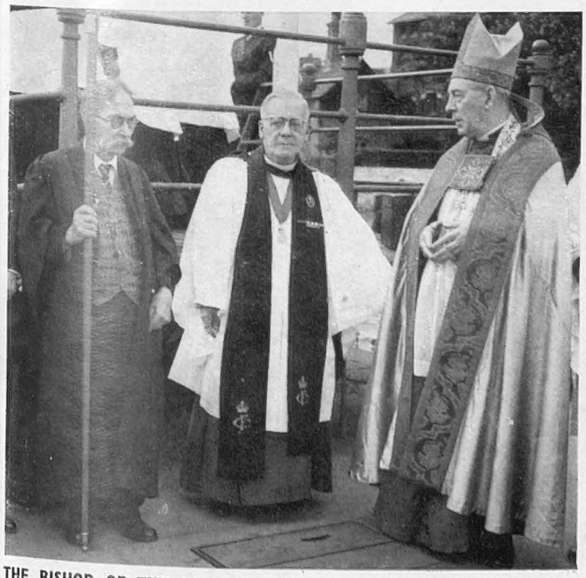
ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE": A Seafire of 1832 Squadron R.N.V.R. comes to rest with the hook still engaged in the arrester while another prepares to land. Many of the pilots were making their first training flights since the war, and the deck flying control officer, or "batsman," was kept on the alert

BY LAUNCH TO ALL HALLOWS

The Bishop of London Journeys on the Thames to the Reopening of a City Church

THE BISHOP OF LONDON ARRIVES BY LAUNCH FOR THE REOPENING CEREMONY—THE PROCESSION LEAVES TOWER PIER: Leading the procession is the Vicar of All Hallows, the Rev. P. B. Clayton, followed by the Bishop's chaplain and Dr. Wand

All Hallows-by-the-Tower has never been desecrated, so the ceremony at the reopening of the north aisle was not a service of rededication but one in which prayers were offered in thanksgiving for the restoration. The reopening was performed by the Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev. J. W. C. Wand, in the presence of Queen Mary and representatives of Toc H, whose Guild church it is. The service, which was conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. P. B. Clayton, opened with the processional hymn, "Praise My Soul, the King of Heaven." After the opening ceremony, the Bishop dedicated the *Liber Vitæ*, which contains the names of the people of All Hallows and of Toc H who gave their lives during the war. The climax of the joyful celebrations, to which members of Toc H had brought their banners, was the ringing of the church's new carillon of eighteen bells



THE BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE WITH THE VICAR OF THE PARISH: Dr. Wand, vested in cope and mitre, and "Tubby" Clayton at Tower Pier after the Bishop's arrival there from Fulham Palace. Standing on the left is the parish clerk of All Hallows

QUEEN MARY AND DR. WAND LEAVING ALL HALLOWS AFTER THE REOPENING CEREMONY IN THE NORTH AISLE: Just behind Queen Mary is Earl Wavell, Constable of the Tower of London. The restoration work has been made possible through the generosity of benefactors in the British Commonwealth, the United States and by members of Toc H. The new organ of the church is to bear Queen Mary's name

THE SCENE WITHIN ALL HALLOWS DURING THE REOPENING CEREMONY: Queen Mary is sitting in front of the congregation on the right, just on the left of Dr. Wand, who is in the Sanctuary. Also present at the ceremony were the Bishop of Pittsburgh, and the Assistant Bishop of New York. Queen Mary later received the architects for the church, Lord Mottistone and Mr. Paul Paget. (See also page 137 for pictures of the restoration work)

DESCRIBED AS A "PAID COMMUNIST AGITATOR": Mr. Joe McNeill, who came from Canada in the *Beaverbrae*. Mr. R. J. Mellish, gave this description of him in the Commons. McNeill denies he is a Communist

THE IRISH-FRENCH CANADIAN SEAMAN, BUD DOUCETTE: It has been stated that he was sent from Canada by the Communist-controlled union to lead a strike on the Canadian ships, *Beaverbrae* and *Argomont*

JACK POPE, SECRETARY OF THE CANADIAN SEAMEN'S UNION, IN LONDON: He established his headquarters in North Woolwich. Mr. Pope (formerly Popovitch) arrived in England last November

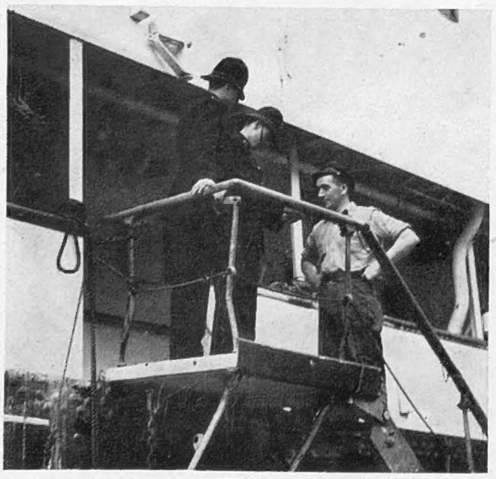
MR. ALBERT TIMOTHY ADDRESSES THE STRIKERS, CLAIM TO HAVE BEEN "LOCKED OUT": Mr. T a member of the unofficial lock-out committee which from the outset that the men were prepared to h ships except the two ships in dispute. The commi told in reply that it had no right to discriminate in that

CANADIAN SEAMEN PICKET LONDON DOCKS: Declaring that they were "defending trade unionism," the Canadians paraded Dockland with placards bearing such as "The Fighting C.S.U. Betrayed Again," "We Need Your Support" and "The 'Beaverbrae' is Black Again." Ross Aster, whose ship "Marchport" in Antwerp, and Ronald Brewster, whose vessel "Westminster County" was at Rouen, are seen in the picture on the right outside the Victoria

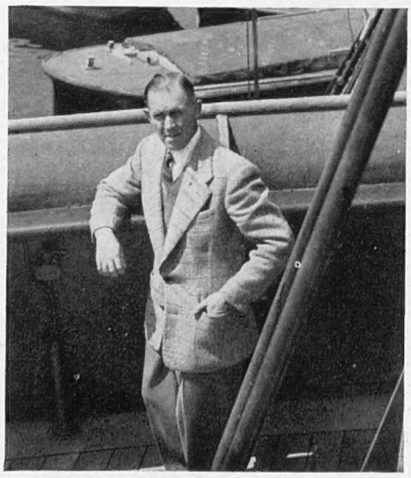
THE MEN BEHIND THE DOCK STRIKE

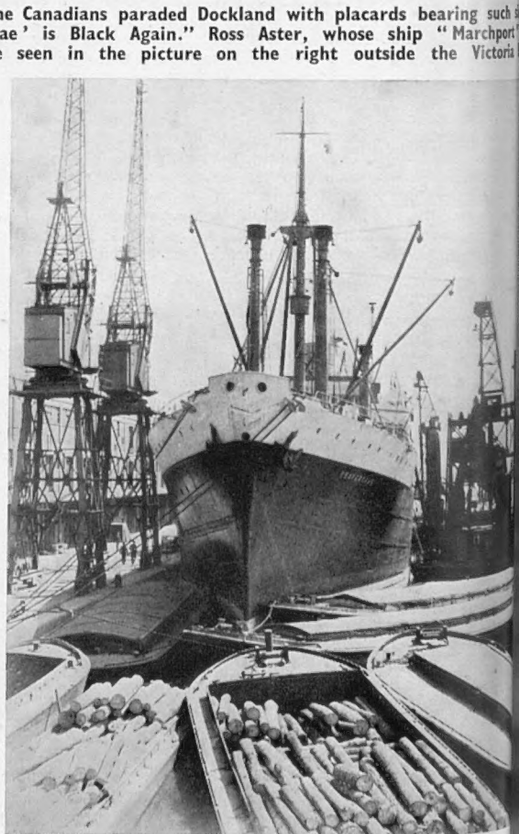
Some Leading Personalities in the Long-Drawn-Out Dispute

Last week, when the Government secured emergency powers to deal with the dock strike, there were revealed in Parliament and outside the names of some of the men behind this economically paralysing dispute, "organisers" from Canada who took charge of events in the Port of London. One of those "organisers," McNeill, has been described in Parliament as a paid Communist agitator. He has vigorously denied it. Another "one-way traveller" from Canada is Jack Pope, who last November arrived in this country as a passenger in the *Beaverbrae* and has since made himself a very familiar figure in Dockland.



POLICE ON THE GANGWAY OF THE "BEAVERBRAE": They are checking the identity of a seaman going aboard the 9,000-ton Canadian ship, which has figured so prominently in the dispute. The *Beaverbrae* brought to England several of the "organisers" of the strike





THE SKIPPER AND HIS STRIKE-BOUND CANADIAN SHIP "BEAVERBRAE": *Left*—In sports coat and grey flannel Captain Alexander Kennedy, of Vancouver, takes things quietly while dockland is in a ferment. *On right*—The at the quayside. Mr. Mellish, M.P. for Rotherhithe, declared in Parliament last week that he was convinced that the that the *Beaverbrae* and the *Argomont* were "black" ships was completely and utterly phoney, and that Lond workers and their trade union loyalties were being exploited. This view was confirmed by the Minister

THE PARALYSED PORT

Dockland at the Height of the Great Strike

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCK (LEFT) AND THE KING GEORGE V DOCK (RIGHT), WHICH TOGETHER WITH THE ADJOINING ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK, HAVE BEEN A FOCAL POINT OF THE DISPUTE IN THE PORT OF LONDON, ARISING OUT OF A CANADIAN TRADE UNION DISPUTE: Over 2,000 operating days have been lost to British ships in British ports during the past three months, and as Mr. Barnes declared last week, the cumulative effect "can be calamitous to a Britain struggling for economic recovery." Reading clockwise from the left foreground the ships shown in the Royal Albert Dock when this picture was taken at the height of the dispute last week were "Martand," "Beaverdell," "Highland Princess," "Port Jackson," "Loch Ryan," "Laurentide Park," "Llangibby Castle," "Saxon Star," "Nelson Star," "Vardulla," "Boniface," "Jalazad," "Tudor Star," "Fred Christesen," "Mataroa," "Valacia," "London Mammoth", "Brittany," "Salamanca," "Mulbera" and "Socotra." In the King George V Dock, also reading clockwise from the left foreground, were: "Empire Viceroy," "Denbighshire," (unidentified), "Scotia," "Largs Bay," "Loch Garth," "Gothic," "Palana," "Port Phillip," "Macharda," "Australia Star," "Glenartney" and "Beaverglen"

THE SWISS WANT TO BE ALONE

As Aloof as the Matterhorn, the Vast Embodiment of Insularity

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE most notable absentee when the Council of Europe makes its historic bow early next month at Strasbourg will be Switzerland.

Switzerland, the model of federation, the proof that very different races can live together in amity, having one Army, one foreign policy, one sovereignty. The country whose President Celio said on the 657th anniversary of her independence: "Switzerland has excellent diplomatic relations with all peoples and all Governments without exception."

Switzerland the thriving, the fortunate and the wise. Surely her place was at Strasbourg, in the very van there?

The Swiss think differently. They want to be alone. They are the very embodiment of insularity in Europe to-day—not England any longer. They cite their hundred-year-old constitution, which binds them to neutrality in peace as in war—as if it couldn't be changed! It reminds one of the supreme inanity of those politicians who intone the fatuous words "for all time" at slenderest provocation.

No; let us have a chat with the Swiss, and listen to them in return, as I did at Geneva a couple of days ago. The Swiss want to be alone because it has paid them in the past, and because they believe they can exercise no mean influence by staying clear of the swirl. They want to be alone because they have small faith, as yet, in this latest Europe—and why should they have faith? They will wait and see how Strasbourg and other things work out. And in the meantime they will lend a leading hand, as of old, in all matters humanitarian.

It is an attitude which you may deplore or profess distaste for, comprehend or sympathise with. Dutch Foreign Minister Stikker "deplores" Switzerland's "aloof" attitude to international co-operation. So will many another in relation to a country whose Chief of State can boast at a time like this, when we are nearly all of us so pathetically interdependant, that Switzerland is the only nation of Western Europe which does not require financial support from abroad.

I should say not. The canny, cautious Swiss have got so many American dollars that they don't know what to do with them, and they are thinking of putting gold coins back into circulation, so much of that mystical metal have they amassed! It is a success story all right, but it generates mixed feelings, as does quite a lot in Switzerland. Mixed feelings. That is what I came away with, and the chief of them: admiration and doubt; the whole tinged by a faint distaste.

Geneva was an old friend, and looking her clean, glistening, colourful, bright and pretty self. She looked, and is, rich: rich in the pre-war sense. I had almost said "in the pre-1914-war sense," believing that one of the most penetrating things yet said about this Switzerland (was it by Mr. Charles Morgan?) is that it is the last European country to retain characteristics and appearances of that fabled epoch.

The sun poured down; the super-cars slipped by; laughter held the air; the pennants fluttered. The same old international scene brought about by a conjunction of tourists and the world organisation on Ariana hill, only a wing of it now, but some wing; almost as numerous as used to be the whole League of Nations. In ten minutes I was in that lake, after paying 40 centimes for the privilege. But I shall draw a veil over the financial side: even in retrospect it is too distressing.

The Swiss got off to a good start in 1945. Hitler thought he could get more from Swiss industry by not occupying the country which was pretty well in working order from the word "go," waiting only on essential imports. There are strong similarities between Switzerland and Britain. Each has to import heavily of raw materials for industry and a large proportion of foodstuffs. Each exports largely of finished goods. But Britain *could* be better off for power, since Switzerland has to depend on water power, and drought can interfere with everything.

Yet there is small similarity in other matters equally, if not more, important. The Swiss did not have to liquidate their overseas assets and incur a large overseas debt in order to pay for a major war. They bounded off in fine financial form the moment they could, and went straight for the United States market, to which they now export nearly five times as much per head of the population as does the United Kingdom.

The Swiss did not encompass this trade success (and others like it) without showing great industry and enterprise. Here I quote from a "letter to the Editor" which I came across, since it not only says more succinctly what I extracted in conversation, but says it with a smug satisfaction peculiar to this people *sans race et sans panache*, maybe, but with what a superior turn of hand:

"May I say that it is not only the forty-eight-hour week which is contributing to the welfare of our country, but also a perfect organisation and the ambition of every Swiss to attain the highest efficiency in his job? It is perhaps not so much a question of climate as excellent schooling and thoroughness in our work. We are, of course, helped in our efforts by the governing bodies without the interference of party spirit. Nor do these bodies infringe on our individual and traditional liberties."

So, Herr or Monsieur J. J. Stutz, of Berne. Level-headed, smiled-upon Swiss! Might they not have communicated more of their level-headedness by a personal appearance at Strasbourg, than by staying put in their sane, neutral oasis?

The sanity. The Swiss are a highly socialistic or socialised community, French, German, Italian and Romain of origin. But they are not doctrinaire or ideological about it; they don't make a fetish of it, a crusading faith. They take what seems currently good and sound in socialism and nationalisation, and skip the rest. They had all the controls on when others fought all round them, and made things grim inside their little land, but the only things they keep on to-day are price controls and subsidies, and the latter are on their way out. They yearned for a free economy again, and they've got as free a one as Europe is likely to see "in our time."

The Swiss also abide by a genuine wage-stop agreement managed by the State. But they fight shy of national planning, finding it more economical and less burdensome in taxation to retain the old, alleged "bad" method of competition and gain. Small States can do these things more easily than big ones? Possibly. Yet not at all that more easily!

Above all, the Swiss work forty-eight hours of the 168 hours in a week—think of the strain, the infliction—and thrive on it: actually seem to like it. Possibly it gives more kick to their leisure. Assuredly they have reasoned it out that the forty-eight-hours' labour, void of political trade unionism, fills their shops with consumer goods—not only with exquisite things, but with everything for all incomes.

Yet, for another reason, enters doubt. How long can this rock of gold continue to prosper amid a remoteness from fevered surrounding ills, of positively Matterhorn proportions? That Genevan institution, and old buddy, H. Challinor James, has pointed out that, paradoxically, "Switzerland's prosperity contains all the elements of economic discomfiture," and even a summary investigation proves him right.

The Swiss are already losing foreign markets through being gorged with specie and having a too-dear franc. It lies around, doing golden nothing in bank vaults, as the cost of living mounts—now between 60 and 70 per cent. up on 1939. Even the Americans are jibbing at the cost of tourism, while some day soon they must become saturated with that other main Swiss prop—the export of watches and clocks. The only other spending tourists, in any number, appear to be Belgians and Dutch, and the Swiss themselves, who are urged to sample their own country, sure shadow of coming events.

There is a risk that the Swiss may decide to export "strategic war material," machinery and precision instruments, beyond the Iron Curtain, if they lose in other fields. At present they desist chiefly, it seems, because Russia hasn't paid for damage done to Swiss property during the Bolshevik revolution, and because of the detention of Swiss citizens (as in Rumania). Even so, material invaluable to mechanised forces leaks through Basle to the East, thereby lessening the effect of the West's counter-blockade—the main thing, so far, that has pulled the Russians up to ponder matters.

The Swiss will need to watch themselves here, if they would wish to continue to hold the respect of those around them. They enjoy the sovereign right to stay out of everything if they feel that way about it (they are on the Marshall Plan organisation in Paris, and that 's about all). But the trouble is that the Swiss found their neutrality couldn't stop them unwillingly helping Hitler last time, and that, under resembling circumstances, they might find themselves helping Stalin to-morrow. Therein enters the faint distaste I spoke of.

Said M. Speiser, member of a delegation that visited both Houses here: "It has to be admitted that the maintenance of our status of neutrality has become more difficult on account of the growing efforts towards international co-operation." ...

Is that strictly so, if one surveys the whole scene, and goes into detail?

The Swiss Military Department announced not long ago that, if attacked, the Swiss Army will destroy roads, bridges and production centres before retiring to the Alpine fortress of Karil Koblet, which would be a national redoubt commanding all usage of the Simplon and St. Gothard. The rest of the country—as good as saying all of it in the population sense—would have to put up with occupation as best it could, pending a decision in the general conflict.

For the rest of us, everything would turn on whether those vital industries were, in effect, destroyed. If they were not, the Swiss might not only not help the West, to which they belong, but further handicap it, if it were attacked and overrun.

But avaunt with war talk. I believe this to be the war. How about Strasbourg, Land of William Tell? I hope you think again—soon.

ALMOST A SWISS ICARUS—THE PARACHUTE-JUMPER RUDOLF R. BOEHLEN, OF BASLE, IN HIS BATWING HARNESS BEFORE TAKING OFF IN AN AIRCRAFT FROM WHICH HE LATER LEAPT INTO SPACE: Boehlen's first experiment with winged flight was made in 1937, when he jumped from a plane flying at 9,000 ft. above Berne. This first jump proved the soundness of the basic idea of his batwing device, but the wings did not support his weight adequately and he was forced to land by parachute. He rebuilt his apparatus and persuaded the Swiss Air Office to back his recent attempt. Once again he leaped from 9,000 ft., and once again he had to land by parachute. Boehlen is now engaged on further modifications of the equipment

The Finance Ministers of the Commonwealth Foregather for THE DOLLAR TALKS IN LONDON

MR. ATTLEE WITH THE SOUTH AFRICAN FINANCE MINISTER, MR. HAVENGA: They were leading the way down the steps to the garden of No. 10, Downing Street, where the Finance Ministers of the Commonwealth were received

ARM-IN-ARM THEY WALKED UP THE STEPS FROM THE GARDEN OF NO. 10: Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, escorting the Hon. Ghulam Muhammad, the Pakistan Minister of Finance. After the official welcome the delegates assembled in the Cabinet Room for a short speech by Mr. Attlee, who outlined the vital necessity for the dollar talks

The miracle of modern air travel, allied to a deep understanding between the Ministers of the Commonwealth, made possible a swift response to Mr. Attlee's invitation to the Finance Ministers, or their representatives, to come to London for the dollar talks. The Conference, called to consider the problem of the balance of payments between the sterling area and the dollar countries, held its first plenary session at the Treasury on July 13. It was hoped at this and subsequent sessions to hammer out a policy to meet the immediate crisis and also long-term needs.

An unrepresented dollar earner at the conference was Malaya. In a leading article last week the *Straits Times* demanded to know why she had not been asked to send a representative to London, in view of the fact that through her rubber industry she contributes to the Commonwealth pool one-fifth of the Commonwealth's supply of dollars.

PAKISTAN'S MINISTER OF FINANCE: Mr. Muhammad, one of the nine Dominion representatives who attended the Conference

SIR STAFFORD ADOPTS A NAPOLEONIC POSE: The Chancellor of the Exchequer in conversation with Mr. Noel Baker and Mr. E. C. F. Whitehead, of Southern Rhodesia. On the day after the Conference foregathered Sir Stafford went before the House of Commons to make the principal Government speech

FROM THE INDIAN DOMINION: Dr. John Matthai. He is a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, and also studied at the London School of Economics

THE CANADIAN FINANCE MINISTER: Mr. Douglas Abbott, who has lately participated in the talks with Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Snyder

AUSTRALIA'S REPRESENTATIVE: Mr. J. J. Dedman. As Minister of Defence, Mr. Dedman has swiftly gained a reputation for energy and clear thinking

NEW ZEALAND'S FINANCE MINISTER: Mr. Nash has been twenty years in Parliament and during fourteen of those years has held the Finance Portfolio

BERLIN'S "LITTLE BLOCKADE"

The Soviet Disruption of Transport on the Autobahn

THE LONG LINE OF WAITING TRUCKS ON THE AUTOBAHN AT HELMSTEDT: *Above and on right*—**Before they could pass the Russian check-point at Marienborn they had to be cleared, and because of the Soviet "go-slow" policy it appears that only one lorry could be accepted every fifteen minutes. As a result the queue became longer and longer, and at one time stretched for eleven miles**

The "Little Blockade," a new example of Russian interference with road traffic between the Western Zones of Germany and the Western Sectors of Berlin, continued through the early part of last week. The stream of traffic from the West was not actually stopped by the Russians, but by setting a mark of fifteen minutes for the clearance of each vehicle at the Marienborn check-point they succeeded in disrupting the entire road transport system. On Thursday of last week a United States military convoy of sixty vehicles provided a test case, and when this appeared on the scene the Russians began clearing vehicles at the rate of one per minute. When taxed with adopting "go-slow" tactics in contravention of a decision of the Council of Foreign Ministers, the Russians denied any hold-up at Marienborn. They even declared that traffic was proceeding normally.

THE EFFECT OF RUSSIAN "GO-SLOW" METHODS—THERE WAS PERISHABLE FOOD IN MANY OF THESE LORRIES LINED UP AT HELMSTEDT: At first the Russian authorities did not acknowledge the hold-up, but later, when pressed for a reply to Western criticisms, they declared that they had had to increase supervision as German drivers coming from the West had been "going off the route and had been buying food illegally in the Russian Zone with illegal money."

THE INVENTION OF A REFUGEE FROM POMERANIA: These three pictures show the travelling house invented by Gerhard Pinnow, who has now settled on a piece of land at Brackwede, Westphalia. This product of uncertain times can take the road as a normal caravan, and in the space of two hours after arrival at a selected spot it can be unfolded into an eight-room house. The second picture gives the key to the general plan of construction, showing how a steel framework forms the foundation for the floors, which fold downwards on hinges from the sides of the caravan. The roof, it will be seen, folds upwards in a similar manner

COMMEMORATING ST. BENEDICT AND ST. BERNHARD: Two of the fine stained-glass windows in the new Trappist Monastery built at Bingen, in the Rhineland. The Trappists at Bingen live according to the stringent rules of their branch of the Cistercian Reform of the Benedictine Order. They have nine hours of prayer every day, the first mass starting at 2 a.m. These Trappists came to Germany from Holland in 1921. At the moment there are eighteen of them in the Bingen monastery

A MUCH DISCUSSED RAID IN MUNICH'S MOHLSTRASSE: German mounted police, acting under the orders of Franz Pitzer, Chief Constable of Munich, who in turn had received authorisation from the United States Military Government, engaged on a raid on the Jewish business centre round the Mohlstrasse. 500 police and 100 plain-clothes detectives blockaded the streets, and an attempt was made to single out Black Marketeers. Some members of the police force are said to have given way to their anti-Jewish prejudices by roughly handling Jewish men and women without reason, and during the raid there were shouts from the crowd of "Hitler-men" and "Murderers!" The police stated that scuffles broke out when Jews attempted to destroy the cameras of reporters

IN GERMANY NOW

Trouble in Munich's Mohlstrasse: A Refugee's Home from Home: Bingen's New Monastery

A JAPANESE DELEGATION ARRIVES IN GERMANY: Led by Tetau Katayama (fourth from left), Chairman of Japan's Social Party, the delegation is seen on arrival at Dusseldorf from Switzerland at the start of a tour of Germany. They are making the tour at the suggestion of General MacArthur in order to study the workings of democracy in Europe and the progress of post-war reconstruction schemes

A NEW TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN THE RHINELAND: This massive stone building has risen on the Jacobs-Berg, near Bingen, its construction financed by collections, and most of the work carried out by the monks. The monastery stands on 60 acres of land, which the monks till, and it also has a restaurant for pilgrims

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The Foreign News in Pictures

FINANCIAL AND TRADE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN BRITAIN AND ISRAEL CONTINUE IN TEL AVIV: With the Israeli Foreign Minister, Mr. Moshe Sharett, presiding, British and Israeli representatives recently met to discuss outstanding financial questions between the two countries. The meeting was a continuation of those held in London in May, when agreement was reached on Israel's blocked sterling balances. The Israeli delegation was led by Mr. David Horowitz (fourth from right), of the Israeli Treasury. Seated in the centre next to Mr. Horowitz is Mr. Moshe Sharett, and Sir Alexander Knox Helm, British Minister, is next to Mr. Horowitz

THE TRIAL OF OTTO ABETZ—HITLER'S AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE FROM 1940 UNTIL THE LIBERATION FACES CHARGES OF LOOT AND INCITEMENT: *Left*—M. Abetz listening to the evidence in the Paris court. *Right*—**The accused seated beside his guard. Abetz, who is now forty-six, has been in Cherche M. Prison since 1945. He is sick, and those who have seen him describe him as "prematurely aged"**

Otto Abetz, listed as a war criminal, who faces charges of loot, incitement to kidnapping and of being an accessory to murder, put up a vigorous defence when his trial started in Paris last week, claiming that his policy for occupied France was really camouflage for his Francophile intentions. He had had to appear as the sternest of the stern, he declared, but in truth he had been in favour of the immediate freeing of all French prisoners of war and a peace that made no territorial changes in France, subject to a plebiscite in Alsace and Lorraine. The most serious charge against Abetz was that of instigation to the assassination of Georges Mandel, a former Minister, who was a Jew. On this last charge, counsel for the prosecution pointed out, the penalty could be the death sentence. Among the many witnesses announced for the trial were M. Daladier, M. Paul Reynaud and M. Pierre Flan

RUSSIA SENDS A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER TO THE FUNERAL OF GEORGI DIMITROV: Marshal K. M. Voroshilov (left), hero of Russia's defence in the first days of the war, greeted at Sofia Railway Station by Lieut.-General Georgi Damianov, the Bulgarian Defence Minister, when he arrived at the head of a delegation from Moscow attending the funeral of the Bulgarian Premier. Dimitrov, who had been ill for some time, died at a Moscow Sanatorium, of liver trouble and diabetes. The body of Dimitrov has been embalmed, and it is to be displayed permanently in a mausoleum

"YUGOSLAVIA WILL NOT BECOME ANYBODY'S COLONY": M. Mosha Pijade, a member of the Political Bureau of the Yugoslav Communist Party, seen as he delivered a forthright speech at Novi Sad, Yugoslavia. He affirmed his country's independence, attacked the Soviet Union "for pursuing the foreign policy of Czarist Russia." M. Pijade described the leaders of the Cominform as "whirling dervishes." By resisting them, he declared, "We have saved our liberty and independence and our country will become neither somebody's colony nor somebody's province." He concluded by saying that, according to the Cominform's view, the world to-day is divided between the United States and Russia, and that all small powers must choose their

HOUSING DEVELOPMENT IN MANHATTAN—THE ALFRED E. SMITH seen from the Brooklyn Bridge, will accommodate nearly 2,000 families.

HOUSING PROJECT NEARS COMPLETION ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE: These vast buildings, The cost of the project, which bears the name of New York's celebrated Democrat Governor in the '20's, will be £7,000,000. It is expected that some of the apartments will be ready for occupation before the end of 1949. Housing in the United States has made poor progress since the end of the war, and there has been little low-priced accommodation. President Truman's new Housing Bill may ease the situation

THE INDONESIAN REPUBLICAN LEADERS RETURN TO JOGJAKARTA: Dr. Sukarno, the President, acknowledging the popular greetings as he drove through the city after his return from the Island of Banka in company with Dr. Hatta, the Vice-President. They travelled in an aircraft provided by the United Nations Commission, and at Jogjakarta they were welcomed by the Sultan and by the Belgian, American and Australian members of the Commission. In a statement issued on the night of the Republican leaders' return, the United Nations Commission declared with jubilation: "For the first time a Government has been restored to its former constitutional position and capital through the assistance of an international organisation that had made use not of armed force but its pacific offices"

AMERICA'S SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE USES THE "MOTH BALL" FLEET FOR SURPLUS GRAIN STORAGE: Twelve of these ships, anchored off Jones Point in the Hudson River, where they were put in "moth balls" at the close of the war, have been towed into piers in New Jersey and loaded with grain, for which there is no room in the silos. By using surplus ships for surplus wheat Mr. Brannan, the United States Secretary of Agriculture, hopes to save the farmers heavy losses on their 1949 crops

PRECAUTIONS AT HONG KONG: Checking the identity of a traveller entering the leased territories. Checking visitors to the colony is not proving really practicable, owing to the daily influx of Chinese workers on a large scale, but as far as possible a complete check of all motorists is made. Many of the police co-operating in this work were formerly in the Palestine Force

THE HOLY MONTH CELEBRATIONS IN EGYPT: King Farouk arriving at the Ras El Tin Palace, Alexandria, for a Ramadan dinner in company with the Egyptian Premier, Ibrahim Abdul Hadi (left) and Omra Fathi Pasha, the King's Aide

THE FIRST INDIAN MINISTER TO THE HOLY SEE: Dr. Bhulabhai escorted by the Master of Ceremonies on arrival at the Vatican to present his credentials to His Holiness Pope Pius, and thus establish diplomatic relations for the first time

Breaking up "TIRPITZ"

Norwegian Salvage Men at Work on the Sunken Nazi Battleship

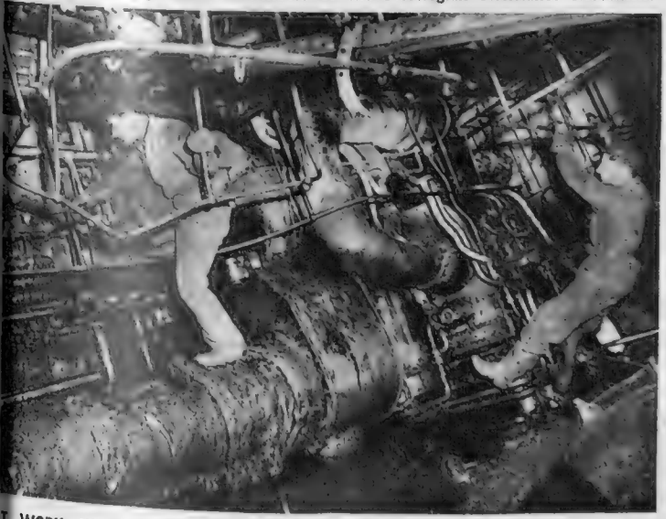
THE RUSTED HULK OF THE "TIRPITZ"—THE 58,000-TON BATTLESHIP LYING ON HER SIDE IN TROMSO FJORD, WHERE SHE IS BEING BROKEN UP FOR SCRAP: The battleship, which proved to be the most useless and costly weapon forged by Nazi might, turned turtle after being holed in Tromso Fjord in 1944. A Norwegian salvage firm is now pushing ahead with the profitable task of dismantlement. All the electric motors and copper cables have been removed, and the sale of these is reputed to have covered the entire costs of the purchasers

THE RESULT OF A NEAR MISS: This crater ... made by one of the Lancaster bombs ... did not hit the "Tirpitz" on that fatal ... in 1944, when the might of Britain's ... Force encompassed her complete destru...

The *Tirpitz*, which never fought a naval battle ... fooled the British Navy in only one respect ... matter of her size—was pursued relentlessly from the ... when she was commissioned in 1940 to the day in ... when, half a wreck already, she sank ignominiously ... Tromso Fjord, under a vast weight of British bo... She was attacked by midget submarines manned ... British naval crews; she was attacked by Lancasters ... on Russia; she was attacked by Barracudas from air... carriers cruising off the Norwegian coast; and there ... even an attempt to encompass her destruction with "... torpedoes" which were carried into Trondhjem ... slung under the keel of a Norwegian fishing-smack. ... final attack was in 1944, and the *Tirpitz* rolled ov... her doom in the shallow waters of Tromso after dire... from six-ton bombs. The salvage operations, which ... proving highly profitable for a Norwegian concern ... going ahead apace, and by 1950 there will be ... left of the once-proud flagship of the German N... Altogether thirty men are engaged on the task, and ... them local farmers and fishermen who find greater ... working in the shambles of the *Tirpitz* than seeking ... in the harsh earth and the cold waters of Northern ...

HER HULL TORN TO PIECES BY THE ACETYLENE CUTTERS: As each piece of 1-ft.-thick armour-plating is taken from the battleship the crane mounted on ... hull transfers it to the hold of the salvage boat "Skanland." Another boat, seen in the background, acts as the floating hotel of those engaged in ... salvage operations. There were tons of ammunition in the "Tirpitz" when she sank, and the presence of this high-explosive adds to the dangers of ...

LOOKING THROUGH THE TORN SIDE OF THE "TIRPITZ": Salvage men at work at a point beneath the 15-in.-gun turrets. Among the many items recovered from the vessel is the brass band of the *Tirpitz*, and it is said that the instruments are now being used in one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Tromso. The company engaged in dismantlement is known as Hovding Ship-breakers. The four directors, who bought the hull for 100,000 Norwegian crowns, were all fairly prominent members of the Norwegian Resistance Movement



T WORK IN THE ENGINE-ROOM: The oil-smeared machinery gives a precarious foothold for the salvage men, but the fuel has preserved the engines and they should fetch big prices when offered for sale

THE RUST-COVERED WRECK TOWERS ABOVE THE BLUE WATERS OF THE FJORD: All that is left of the once-proud battleship which bore the motto "Gegen Engeland" ("Against England"). A great deal of the scrap metal has already been sent south

Aviation News

COMBATING AMERICA'S GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE

A Piper Cub Lands on the World's Smallest Aircraft-Carrier

FIGHTING THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN MONTANA AND WYOMING: A bait-mixer of the United States Department of Agriculture (Bureau of Entomology) supplying coarse bran mixed with toxaphane or chlordane. This is loaded into a lorry, as seen in this picture, and taken to the airport at Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyoming, where it is loaded aboard a C 47 transport, also operated by the Department of Agriculture. The hopper in the interior of the plane will take a load of 4 tons of grasshopper bait. This bait is distributed over vast areas by means of hydraulically-operated metering devices which expel it through air tubes. In this way hundreds of square miles of Western America are being treated, and it is hoped that the grasshopper plague, more serious this summer than for a long while past, will be at least checked in its headlong course

LOADING A C 47 TRANSPORT WITH GRASSHOPPER BAIT: Double elevators are used to put the 4 tons of mixture aboard. The pilot then flies over a pre-determined area in the neighbourhood, dropping the bait most thickly in fields likely to be infested by "hoppers"

STUNTING WITHOUT TEARS—A PIPER CUB AIRCRAFT MAKES A LANDING ON THE WORLD'S SMALLEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER (LAND BASED): These three pictures, taken on Chicago's lake front airfield, show how the small high-wing monoplane approached the flat-topped Plymouth truck and touched down successfully. The pilot was Lieut.-Commander Richard A. Schram, a U.S. Navy pilot. A landing officer stood in the vehicle's bows to help the plane down. The Piper Cub also did a perfect take-off from the carrier. After several successful trials the carrier and its aircraft gave a display at the Glenview Naval Air Show, Illinois

On left—**TEN MINUTES TO LOAD 4 TONS OF GRASSHOPPER BAIT: A C 47 transport of the U.S. Department of Agriculture taking on bran and toxaphane mixture at Buffalo, Wyoming, brought from the nearby mixing plant. So great has been the grasshopper plague the plane has been spreading bait throughout the hours of daylight, making the briefest possible halts between trips. It was to speed up loading that the Department of Agriculture introduced the double elevator**

THE B.B.C. AT WORK

ASPECTS OF THE VAST ORGANISATION WHICH IS NOW THE SUBJECT OF A GOVERNMENTAL INQUIRY

A Special Four-Page Section of The Sphere

THE HOME OF BRITISH BROADCASTING: Broadcasting House, Langham Place, headquarters of the vast network which, in home and foreign programmes, keeps up a twenty-four-hour service. *Inset on left*—**The Transmitter Hall in the B.B.C.'s Transmitting Station at Brookman's Park, near Hatfield. The transmitter seen on the left of the picture is for the Third Programme; and the transmitter on the right is for the Light Programme**

The present Charter of the British Broadcasting Corporation expires on December 31, 1951. How the vast monopolistic organisation will be run after that date is now very much in the balance, particularly in view of the rise of television, and everything will depend on the findings of the Governmental Committee of Inquiry which was set up last May, and which is now about to begin operations under the chairmanship of Lord Beveridge. The Committee's terms of reference are wide, covering constitution, control, finance and other general aspects of the sound and television services. Lady Megan Lloyd George, daughter of the great Liberal Premier; Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, M.P., Recorder of Wigan; the Earl of Elgin, Lord Lieutenant of Fife; and Mr. W. E. Oakeshott, the Headmaster of Winchester, are among those who form this vitally important committee. In this special four-page section of THE SPHERE, the reader is taken behind the scenes at Broadcasting House, at the transmitting station at Brookman's Park, and also at outside broadcasts in which the B.B.C. have so effectively brought the nation's great occasions and its big sporting events before the vast listening public. The immensity of the organisation is plain to see, and it seems very right and proper that at this stage the infant prodigy of the entertainment world should be parentally checked and its future course duly charted for the benefit of all who have "to live with it." It would be a thousand pities if this well-built child ever grew up to be a commercial traveller, like its rather blatant cousins on the other side of the Atlantic.

C

TRANSMITTING THE HOME SERVICE OF THE B.B.C.: The 500-ft.-high mast from which the service is radiated at Brookman's Park, near Hatfield. The feeder lines in the foreground connect the mast to the transmitters. The tall masts at Brookman's Park continue their work during the night in radiating the specialised overseas services of the B.B.C. in nearly every language. These overseas services have been greatly enlarged owing to their popularity during the last war

NOISES MADE TO ORDER—PRODUCING THE SOUND EFFECTS FOR A BROADCAST PLAY: Programme engineers Norman B[illegible] and Gordon Bowen at work in the effects departm[ent] during a rehearsal of the play "Man on the R[un]"

THE B.B.C. AT WOR[K]

Behind the Scenes at Broadcasting House and at Brookman's [Park]

A REHEARSAL IN A B.B.C. STUDIO: Members of the cast of *Man on the Run* reading through their script. Seen from left to right are John Turnbull, Joan Hopkins, Alan McLelland, Alan Stranka, Sebastian Shaw, Ronald Sidney and Diana Maddox

FRANK PHILLIPS READS THE NEWS: The celebrated B.B.C. Home Service Announcer and News Reader at the microphone. It was only during the war that many listeners learned the names of the announcers, given at the beginning of each news broadcast. In the foreground an engineer is seen at the control desk

BROADCASTING ONE OF THE B.B.C.'S MANY "OTHER LANGUAGE" PROGRAMMES—A HINDUSTANI SE[RVICE] FROM LONDON: This programme is sent out daily from 6.45 to 7.30 p.m. and covers [news] features, replies to letters, and plays, one of which is being broadcast here. The story [of the] B.B.C., since the first broadcasts given from Savoy Hill, Strand, twenty-five years ago, is long [and] far-reaching. It is a story of progress and service, not only to the British public, but [to the] world at large. Britain to-day enjoys broadcasting with few interruptions; not so [its pi]establishments in other lands where the radio is used as a modern means of adver[tising]

COMPILING THE NEWS BULLETIN: A glimpse of the News Room where, day or night, work never comes to a standstill. As soon as the announcer is on the air with one bulletin, the next reading receives advanced attention. The copy-taster, Frank Tipping, is seen in his shirt-sleeves, in the left background. Facing him are two of the chief sub-editors. The senior sub-editor, Hamish Wilson, is seen on right, dictating

THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT REHEARSALS: The Orchestra consists of ninety-six players. Sir Adrian Boult, the conductor, since its formation in 1930, has regular rehearsals. The leader is Paul Beard. With the erection of the new aluminium inner dome at the Royal Albert Hall, the reception of broadcasts given there by the Orchestra will be greatly improved

THE SCHEDULE FOR OVERSEAS NEWS BULLETINS AT BROADCASTING HOUSE: For every bulletin broadcast in the Home Service and Light Programme, the B.B.C.'s News Division broadcasts two bulletins overseas. Kenneth Dick, Assistant to the Head of the News Output, and P. L. Ritzema, one of the duty editors, look at the twenty-four-hour schedule

STOCKING "HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE" AND "FAMILY FAVOURITES": The record library of 300,000 discs at Broadcasting House. They are stored in steel racks, each of which takes 12,000

RADIO "COWBOYS" IN A LONDON STUDIO OF THE B.B.C.—"RIDERS OF THE RANGE" MAKE THEIR BROADCAST: A musical drama of the Wild West which was until recently a weekly feature of the Light Programme. Cal McCord is seen astride a chair with his lasso and Rustler, the dog, while other members of the programme gather around the microphone

THE B.B.C. AT WORK

The Role of the Outside Broadcaster and Recorder

RAYMOND GLENDENNING, A STAR OF OUTSIDE BROADCASTING: The sports commentator has opened the windows of his sound-proof box for a breath of fresh air in an interval at the ring-side. Boxing commentaries are the most difficult of all outside broadcasts, as the commentator must bring the fight to his vast unseen audience without being partisan. He must also be able to give them a true impression of which way the fight is going

WYNFORD VAUGHAN THOMAS DESCRIBING A MUSICAL RIDE BY THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: While Mr. E. S. Williams, the Recorded Programme Assistant, holds the microphone for him, Mr. Vaughan Thomas tells his story for the Children's Hour Programme of the B.B.C. These indirect broadcasts are now widely used as material for most of the big feature programmes

PREPARING AN OUTSIDE RECORDING: Mr. E. S. Williams, Recorded Programme Assistant, Mr. Wynford Vaughan Thomas, the commentator, and Mr. Derek McCulloch, head of the Children's Hour, standing outside the recording van before making a recording of the Musical Ride of the Household Cavalry. Standing in the background, on right, is Lieutenant the Marquis of Blandford

INSIDE A MOBILE RECORDING VAN: Recording engineers G. F. Wade and J. Vizard at work. Recording cars, based on London and the Regional centres, travel many thousands of miles each week collecting interesting material for inclusion in B.B.C. programmes. Their main use is for the coverage of news events in Radio Newsreel, and many people are interviewed by this means who could not very easily be brought before a studio microphone

ROYAL OCCASIONS

The KING at the COLONIAL EXHIBITION; The QUEEN and the OVERSEAS NURSING ASSOCIATION; PRINCESS MARGARET at ELTHAM

THE KING, ALL SMILES: His Majesty leaving the Colonial Exhibition at the Central Office of Information Hall at Marble Arch. Although Colonial Month is now ending, it has been decided to continue the exhibition into August for the benefit of the many thousands of overseas visitors

AFTER PRINCESS MARGARET HAD PERFORMED THE CEREMONIAL REOPENING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AVERY HILL TRAINING COLLEGE AT ELTHAM, SOUTH LONDON: Her Royal Highness receiving from the Secretary of the Students Union a head-scarf made by the students of the College. Opened in 1906 as a residential college for the training of women elementary school teachers, Avery Hill suffered considerable damage during the war and has only recently been restored to full use for the students

ON THE WARMEST DAY OF THE YEAR—THE QUEEN PAYS A VISIT TO THE OVERSEAS NURSING ASSOCIATION AT CHESHAM PLACE: Her Majesty, in a light-blue summer gown with a picture hat to match. Of recent weeks the Queen has had an intensely full public programme pending the departure of the Royal Family for their annual summer stay in the Highlands

THE SITE FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951, NOW ALMOST CLEARED OF BOMB-DAMAGED HOUSES: This panoramic view of the South Bank stretches from County Hall on the left to Waterloo Bridge on the right. Within this sector will rise the exhibition buildings of 1951. Cutting across the area is the railway from Charing Cross, and this will play a vital part in the transport arrangements. Towards the left, in the background, can be seen the monster building rising on the site of the former Palace of Whitehall

THE BROAD ACRES OF THE SOUTH BANK

Clearing the Way for the Great Exhibition of 1951

Preparations for the Great Exhibition of 1951 continue to go ahead steadily, and the vast site on the South Bank, once a mass of derelict or blitzed buildings, is now almost clear of dwellings. Construction work has long since begun on the line of coffer-dams, behind which will be built the new embankment wall, forming a handsome frontage for the exhibition, while work has lately started on the foundations of the television building, which is to be a dominating feature of this great display of British leadership in many fields. The organising committee has lately announced the use of another riverside site in connection with the exhibition. This will be 37 acres of Battersea Park, between Albert Bridge and Chelsea Bridge, and it is hoped to set up there a Tivoli Garden, rather on the lines of Copenhagen's famous pleasure resort.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS FOR WHAT WILL BE THE BIGGEST TELEVISION STUDIOS IN THE WORLD: Sightseers on the South Bank watching the concrete pou and others at work on the exhibition site between Hungerford Bridge and the Waterloo Bridge approach. It is hoped in a space of about 4,000 sq. ft. show British television in all its aspects. The first site allocated by the organising committee for this display was not considered large

BUILDING UP A NEW RIVER FRONTAGE FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION: This view, looking towards County Hall and the Westminster bend of the river, shows construction work on the curving line of coffer-dams, behind which will be built the new embankment wall. The wall will give the exhibition a handsome river frontage, and will also reclaim several acres from the river. The stone for the embankment is being quarried in Cornwall and brought to London by sea

AT SOUTHAMPTON, THE "PRESIDENTE PERON" IS HANDED OVER TO THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT. The 12,500-ton liner, built by Vickers-Armstrong at Barrow-in-Furness, represents the largest individual unit of trade to be exported to the Argentine since the end of the war. The *Presidente Peron* is the first of three ships ordered by the Argentine Government from Vickers-Armstrong under a contract obtained against keen competition from overseas. The sale of the *Presidente Peron* represents the value of approximately 15,600 metric tons of meat. Each of the three new merchant ships will carry seventy-four passengers in luxurious first-class apartments, designed for the maximum of comfort; and their large proportion of cargo space will make them a highly-paying proposition

HOME NEWS FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

THE HANDING-OVER OF THE "PRESIDENTE PERON" TO CAPTAIN CALVAGNO: Seated round the table are Captain Calvagno; Mr. Moss; Mr. H. Thomson, and Captain Chuz of the Argentine Commission

BILLY BUTLIN GIVES UP £5,000 A YEAR: Some shareholders had questioned the wisdom of paying £45,000 a year rent for two hotels at Nassau and Bermuda, but a vote of confidence in their managing director was passed with a large majority. Mr. Butlin announced that he would give up his salary as managing director until the company again paid a 100 per cent. dividend. He also resigned all his directorships outside the Butlin group. *On the left* Mr. Butlin is seen leaving Winchester House with the chairman of Butlins, Mr. Ian Anderson, and, *on the right*, addressing the meeting

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS RECEIVES HIS HONORARY K.B.E. AT AN INVESTITURE HELD BY THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The film actor is seen leaving the Palace with his wife after His Majesty had invested him with the Insignia of a Knight Commander of the British Empire. Mr. Fairbanks has taken a house in Mayfair for his stay in this country with his wife and daughters

A POLICE GUARD FOR THE OPENING OF THE SUSSEX ASSIZES: Eighty-two-year-old Mr. Justice Humphreys leaves St. Anne's Church, Lewes, to drive to the opening of the Assizes, where John Haigh is standing trial. Special precautions were taken because of a rumour that two I.R.A. men, whom Mr. Justice Humphreys had sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, were in this country. A police guard was posted at the door of the judge's lodgings, while others were in attendance when he left St. Anne's Church and drove down the High Street to the County Hall. In addition, police motor-cyclists stood by and accompanied his

THE PROGRESS OF THE JOURNEY OF THE JERUSALEM CROSS—THE HALT MADE AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL DURING THE TREK THROUGH LONDON: *On left*, the cross outside the Cathedral, and, *on right*, the procession making its entry into the Cathedral, where the Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, Dr. Craven, was waiting to bless the cross before the procession continued its journey through the nave. Before reaching Westminster, the cross was carried through South London and the City, during which time thousands of people attended a service at Tower Hill. The cross is now being carried to Preston, from which port it is to be shipped to Ireland on August 4, before finally leaving for America. The journey of the cross began after a service at Calvary on Good Friday; since then it has been carried across Syria, Lebanon, Italy, France and Belgium. Built by monks in Jerusalem's Holy Sepulchre, the cross weighs 1½ cwt. The pilgrimage is being led by Dom Thomas Becquet, of Chevetognes Abbey, Belgium, who claims to be descended from the brother of St. Thomas a Becket. Funds collected during the trek will be used to help refugees from the recent Palestinian War

LIFEBOAT PRACTICE AT BRIDLINGTON: The "Tille Morrison" of Sheffield slips into the water. It was the first time that the lifeboat had been launched from the harbour at Bridlington, when a practice cruise was made under the supervision of Commander Wheeler, district R.N.L.I. inspector. Few people saw the launching, as it took place at six o'clock in the morning

BRITAIN'S LATEST CHEMICAL SOLVENTS PLANT AT STANLOW, IN CHESHIRE: It was erected by the Shell Group at a cost of £4,000,000. The new plant at Stanlow is part of a vast reconstruction project involving a capital outlay of over £100,000,000, embracing every branch of the operation of the oil industry. The entire venture is being financed by the Royal Dutch-Shell group. Production of the petroleum-derived chemicals at the Stanlow plant will mark the introduction of continuous processes. It is intended primarily to meet home needs, but part of the production will, for the time being, have to be allocated to earn foreign currency. The chemicals produced will be used in homes, hospitals and in industry. The plant was to be opened last Wednesday by Sir Stafford Cripps

THE START OF A RACE DURING THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT: The first regatta given by the Royal Clyde Yacht Club is proving a great success. The beautiful setting, with the mountains in the background, is considered by some yachtsmen to be better than the Solent. In the above picture, one of the races is starting during the regatta at Hunter's Quay, while smaller craft jockey for positions in a subsequent race at the mouth of the Holy Loch. On the first day, seventy-eight yachts were mustered, ranging in size from the ex-12-metre yacht "Jenetta" to two flying fifteens, which were seen for the first time in Scotland. Yachts of the International 8-metre class were racing on the Clyde, although the 6-metres are now the largest class on the Solent. On the first Saturday, the larger classes fared badly. They sailed an extra leg of a few miles in the Holy Loch, but the high land shielded the breeze from reaching the loch off Sandbank, and the leading yachts were becalmed for some hours

A GATHERING OF CABLE SHIPS IN MALTA: On the left is the Admiralty cable ship "Bullfinch" and, beside her, her sister-ship "St. Margarets," which had just arrived from Gibraltar. The "Bullfinch," which is being withdrawn from Mediterranean service, has since left for the United Kingdom. Behind these two is "Cable Enterprise," which belongs to Cable and Wireless. "Bullfinch" and "St. Margarets" were both built by Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson during the war years. "Jane's Fighting Ships" states that they each carry an armament of one 4-in. gun, also four 20-mm. anti-aircraft guns

A "FLOATING WORKSHOP" SETS OUT TO JOIN THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: The depot and repair ship "Forth" leaving Lazaretto Creek, Malta, on her way to Navarin to take part in the annual Mediterranean Fleet Regatta. Rear-Admiral McCall, Flag Officer Destroyers, wears his flag in H.M.S. "Forth." The equipment in H.M.S. "Forth" includes a foundry, coppersmiths', plumbers' and carpenters' shops, heavy and light machine shops, and electrical and torpedo shops

FLOATING WORKSHOPS and FLOATING PALACES

TWO CELEBRATED ATLANTIC LINERS ARE MADE READY FOR SERVICE: *Above*—**The Italian liner "Conte Biancamono," now receiving a coat of paint in the Montfalcone yards after the completion of repairs.** *On right*—**The 45,000-ton "Ile de France," which has been undergoing reconditioning at St. Nazaire for the past two years, seen in dock at Le Havre when receiving the finishing touches.** The *Conte Biancamono* was seized in an American port when Italy declared war on the United States and she was given back to Italy more than a year ago. About £200,000 has been spent on her overhaul. The complete internal rebuilding of the *Ile de France* has been a much more costly matter; indeed, it has cost between six and seven times the original price of the ship in 1926. The post-war maiden voyage of the *Ile de France* was scheduled to begin at Havre on Thursday of this week

Ceremonial Survives the Centuries

SIENA'S PALIO: NOLA'S LILY FESTIVAL: The "SONS of REFFLEY"

THE LILY FESTIVAL OF NOLA: Four of the eight wooden towers (known as "Lilies"), made of light woodwork and gaily adorned, being borne through the town on the Feast of St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola. It was in the fifth century that St. Paulinus is said to have invented church bells in this Campanian town, hence the derivation of the word campana, and the towers which are borne through the streets bear testimony to the invention. The carriers of the towers are chosen from among the strongest youths of the town, and they undergo special training for several months in order to enable them to stand the strain. During the feast of St. Paulinus the carriers wear white scarves and white caps not unlike those worn by sailors of the United States Navy

WHERE THE MEDIEVAL SPIRIT LINGERS ON: In the Church of the Madonna of Ave Maria, Siena, Father Armando Peruzzi blesses the horse which is to represent the "Worm" Ward in the Siena Palio. This bareback horse-race in the main square of the Italian city is held between the various wards, and the rider of the winner receives on behalf of his ward a banner bearing the likeness of the Madonna. The race is usually a breathless affair, and the daring of the riders has to be seen to be believed as they gallop furiously over the perilously cobbled course. They have to travel three times round the square, which is banked high with spectators. The winner this year came from the "Snail" Ward. This was "Snail's" forty-sixth winner since the race first began in the thirteenth century. At one time all big Italian towns held their Palio, but Siena is the only one that has maintained the tradition

THE "SONS OF REFFLEY" MEET AGAIN: The members receive their churchwarden pipes before the punch is mixed and the annual celebrations begin. It was the first meeting of the members since 1939

The "Sons of Reffley," whose reunion is recorded in these pictures, are the successors to thirty Royalists who first met in the year 1650, the year after the execution of Charles the Martyr. By their meeting the original members defied Cromwell's ban on gatherings of thirty or more men. The ancient meeting-place is the temple in the glade at Reffley Spring, near King's Lynn. According to the Secretary, Mr. Ellis Middleton, the Society has no avowed object save conviviality and fellowship lasting through the years. The President is the Hon. George Dawnay, of Hillington Hall, Norfolk. An ancestor of another member, Sir Patrick Ffolkes, was a founder-member of the Society.

THE "SONS OF REFFLEY" OUTSIDE THEIR TEMPLE, NEAR KING'S LYNN, SCENE OF THEIR ANNUAL LIBATIONS: They begin by drinking water from the celebrated Reffley spring, but later the punch is brewed according to a secret recipe and the churchwarden pipes are lit from the ancient lamp, which is seen reposing on the table. The Society is of seventeenth-century origin, belonging to the days of the Civil War, but the temple was not erected until 1789. It was enlarged in the year 1831

STAMPS AS AN INVESTMENT

Like the Share Market, They Have Their Violent Fluctuations

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH a general drop in Stock Exchange prices of about 16 per cent. during the past two months, quite apart from previous drops over the past two years, many people must be looking for some other form of investment, such as jewellery, antiques, first editions and stamps. Stamps, in fact, have dropped about 15 per cent. value during the present season, which ends this week. But even then the drop is nothing like as great over the past two years as it has been on the Stock Exchange, for 1948 was a record year—at any rate, for the leading stamp auctioneers.

In the meantime, it has been estimated that between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 worth of stamps changed hands from last October to last week. For the next ten weeks there is a close season, although the auctioneers' catalogues for the last week in September have already been printed.

On investigation it becomes quite clear that while stamps are perhaps the finest investment in the world for the expert, the amateur collector can burn his fingers very easily. To change the metaphor, prices jump about in the most astonishing manner. Thus, the British Empire Silver Jubilee issues of stamps (240 of them) rose from a face value of £6 to £40 last year and have now receded to £33. Against that, the 1937 issues of Coronation stamps which had a lower face value (55s. a set) were so much overbought by dealers and collectors that in 1940 the set dropped to £1 in value, though now they have climbed reluctantly to £3 a set. Similarly, the 1946 Victory issues, which had a face value of £2 5s., are now only worth £2. Mind you, these are auction figures, but it is the auctions which are, of course, the real barometer of the rise and fall of prices. Against that, the 1948 Silver Wedding set, which met very considerable opposition from the trade because the face value was no less than £48, have in less than a year risen in value to £70 a set, even though the Gilbert and Ellice Islands have not yet issued their stamps.

The current issues of George VI stamps can be bought at their face value or less in the auction rooms. Moreover, the auctioneer charges 12½ per cent. commission, which makes the value even less. This drop in price does not apply to obsolete George VI issues like those of 1938. Of these, one of the Kenya £2 stamps is already worth £8. The other, however, is only worth 25s., which shows how much an expert you have to be. Both stamps look exactly the same, and, indeed, they are exactly the same, except that the perforations are different. It sounds crazy, but there you are.

Advanced stamp collectors distinguish between dozens of shades of red and blue. "Antwerp" blue is not sky-blue; milky blue is not dull pale blue; pale carmine is not rose-pink. There are even variations of black such as intense black or grey-black. Each variation usually means a different market value. As a case in point, the used 4d. dull rose Ceylon stamp issued in 1857 can be worth as little as £4 and as much as £250, according to its colour and condition. In spite of the hazards of the hobby or profession, there is said to be over 1,000,000 stamp collectors in the British Commonwealth and over 10,000,000 in the United States.

In the U.K. I am assured that there are at least 1,000 collections worth over £10,000 and 300 or 400 worth over £25,000 and over 50 worth £100,000. Of them all, the Royal collection is the best, and must be worth at least £500,000. Incidentally, it is an heirloom and can never be sold in part or in whole, according to the instructions of King George V. His curator was Sir John Wilson, who is to-day curator to the present King. Every issue in the U.K. and British Empire is represented by a gift of blocks of four stamps and single stamps unused and one used single. As the Kenya set alone has £100 face value, it can be easily seen that the collection is mounting steadily in value every year. The present King is believed not to be so keen as his father, who spent a full afternoon each week looking at his collection, but her grandfather's interest in philately has been inherited by Princess Elizabeth, who has her own collection. Of the other leading private collectors it is difficult to secure any information. Apparently they don't welcome the slightest hint of public attention to their usually profitable dealings. In the United States there are any number of stamp collectors whose collections are worth over 500,000 dollars. The late E. H. R. Green's collection was sold two years ago for well over 2,000,000 dollars.

Although the first stamps as we know them were first issued, as every schoolboy knows, less than 110 years ago, stamps have been forged for over eighty years. At the moment the Straits Settlement 5-dollar green and red on emerald overprinted "British Mill Administration Malaya 1945" provides a good example of this. Without the overprint it is worth only £1. With the overprint it is worth £5. Many of these stamps with the overprint forged (a very easy thing to do) are now circulating in this country. The most famous fraud of all was the Stock Exchange forgery when certain employees in the post office of the Stock Exchange were selling forged 1s. stamps to put on the backs of telegrams. Some years elapsed before these forgeries were discovered, by which time the culprits had left the country with a profit from the Post Office of something in the neighbourhood of £40,000. Ironically enough, the forged 1s. stamps are more valuable than the real ones of the period, but once again the amateur can be badly caught, for the value of these forged stamps varies from £4 to £18, according to the "plate" number.

It is certainly fortunate for the public that the recognised stamp dealers are above suspicion and gladly give professional advice when asked to do so. Not only that, they can be guaranteed when asked to "vet" old stamps to give a fair assessment instead of buying them cheap and selling them at a vast profit. Thus two years ago one of Harmer, Rooke's experts came across nine unused Edward VII 10s. Inland Revenue stamps squeezed together in a little box. He sold them for the owner for £3,000, although in a very bad condition. If they had been in a first-class state they would actually have been worth £2,000 apiece. Anyway, that is their present catalogue price.

Stamp dealers and stamp auctioneers have to have quartz lamps for detecting forgeries. These generate ultra-violet rays which lay bare all kinds of conversion of stamps from common to rare varieties; colour fakes and fake repairs to damaged stamps being easily detectable. The lamps cost £100 each. Only a magnifying-glass will disclose such details as the 1902 Guatemala pictorials, one of which shows a portico of the Temple of Minerva on which one can read a sentence of sixty-three letters inscribed in the space of about half an inch. Watermarks are the forgers' greatest obstacle. The detector most frequently used is a black slab or tile and a drop of benzine, which at once gives the game away.

Yes, buying and selling stamps as an investment instead of as a hobby is fraught with difficulties. The Cayman Island set with a face value of £1 sold for 25s. in 1940. Last year it jumped to £25 and now it is back to £20. Similarly, the 1913 £1 stamp of Great Britain was worth £3 in 1940, £22 in 1948, and is now back to £18, which still, however, shows an appreciation in eight years . . .

One would have thought that the actual postmark on stamps would have a curiosity value. With the exception, however, of the original 1d. black, this does not work out. In the case of the 1d. black a postmark showing May 6, 1840 is worth £60 if in good condition, whereas a similar 1d. black postmarked, perhaps, May 12, 1840 is worth perhaps 30s. Uncorrelated items of philatelic information are:

(1) Practically all twentieth-century European stamps have dropped enormously in value, particularly the Yugoslavian, Free French and Free Dutch stamps issued in London during the war.

(2) The 1936 Austrian 10-schilling stamps showing the face of Dollfuss, the ill-starred Austrian Chancellor, increased in value to £28 during the war and is now down to £10.

(3) Certain stamp-issuing countries have a very bad reputation for producing unnecessary stamps.

(4) Countries—or areas—which no longer produce stamps (like the Transvaal, Orange River and now Newfoundland) are known as "dead" countries and the interest in their stamps evaporates, somewhat unexpectedly to the layman.

(5) Next October a complete series of four stamps to commemorate the Universal Postal Union will be issued by the U.K., the British Commonwealth of Nations and many foreign countries. The face value will be £6 and dealers are receiving daily orders to buy the stamps by speculators.

(6) Except in the case of American, South American and British North American stamps issued, the selling prices of stamps in New York is lower than that existing in London.

(7) The most valuable stamp continues to be the British Guiana 1 cent of 1856, which is now said to be in the possession of an Australian collector, and was last sold for £7,500.

(8) The stamps attracting most attention from collectors to-day are those of Great Britain, the West Indies and India.

(9) The most valuable American stamps are known as the "Postmaster's"—those prepared by local postmasters before the introduction of general issues. Stamps catalogued at £4,000 each to-day are the 5-cent Boscawens issued by Mr. Webster, Postmaster of Boscawen, New Hampshire, and the 5 cent of Alexandria, Virginia. Both are dated 1846.

(10) The arrival of the aeroplane brought a new interest to stamp collectors. The first actual air-mail letters were carried by aeroplane from the Allahabad Exhibition of 1911.

(11) Many hundreds of air-mail stamps have now been issued, one which shows the best advance being the General Balbo Flight stamp of 1933, surcharged in Newfoundland and now worth £10.

(12) It is 1,000 to 1 against any one of us finding a stamp, however old or exotic-looking, worth more than a shilling or two, so don't waste time and (ironically enough) stamps in sending them to Harmer, Rooke or Stanley Gibbons or any other leading stamp agent or stamp auctioneer whose reputation may catch your fancy.

AT A LONDON STAMP AUCTION—A SALE IN PROGRESS AT HARMER, ROOKE'S, THE BIG PHILATELIC AUCTIONEERS, WHO ARE JUST CONCLUDING THEIR SEASON: Sales begin again in September, and there are usually two a week, attracting buyers from all parts of the world

ALL HALLOWS REOPENED

In the Presence of Queen Mary by the Bishop of London

STUDENTS REPAIR A BLITZED CHURCH

On Thursday of last week the Bishop of London, Dr. Wand, reopened the north aisle of All Hallows Berkyngchirche-by-the-Tower. Dr. Wand travelled by water from Fulham Palace to the City of London, and the ceremony was carried out in the presence of Queen Mary. The reopening took place a year after Queen Elizabeth had laid the first stone to mark the start of rebuilding the bombed church.

Since the beginning of the restoration work at All Hallows, the proposed scheme for the reorganisation of the City churches has been presented by the sub-committee of the London Diocesan Reorganisation Committee. Contained in the scheme is the proposal for reducing parish churches in the City from forty-six to fifteen. Under this scheme All Hallows would become a ward church of St. Olave, Hart Street.

JUST BEFORE THE BISHOP OF LONDON REOPENED THE GUILD CHURCH OF TOC H—RESTORATION WORK IN PROGRESS IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE NORTH AISLE OF ALL HALLOWS: It was this section of the bombed church that Queen Mary saw reopened. There is seating capacity for 140. Much of the restoration work has been carried out through the generosity of Canadian and American friends of the parish. In this picture men are seen fixing the Tate triptych into position on the reredos

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE ALTAR OF THE NOW RESTORED NORTH AISLE OF ALL HALLOWS: It was in this section of the church that the Toc H Lamp of Maintenance was preserved. When completed the church will stand as a memorial to Anglo-American war dead

MEMBERS OF THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS WORKING PARTY AT WORK IN THE EAST END OF LONDON: This is the first party to come to this country following the work which has been carried out in France, Germany and Italy. The students are seen preparing a chapel in the blitzed Ebenezer Church, off the Commercial Road

With the forming of the World Council of Churches, it is felt that a first step in Christian unity has been taken. From this Council there has arisen a committee which has sent out to many countries parties of students who have been repairing blitzed churches. A party, consisting mainly of American students, has come to this country in order to make a chapel out of the bombed ruins of the Ebenezer Church, off Commercial Road, in the East End of London. There is also a student from Stuttgart, Germany, among the party, as well as two local schoolboys. They expect to have the chapel ready by August. The groups pay all their own expenses, and as a rule stay for a month. At the Ebenezer Church the students do all the work themselves, and do their own cooking and cleaning in the church hall.

THEY CAME FROM THE UNITED STATES, GERMANY AND THE COMMERCIAL ROAD: The leader of the Students party at the Ebenezer Church, Mr. Bill McReynolds, of the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California, is seen in the back row, third from right

New Lamps and Old

WANTED: 0·2 OF A CHILD

Some Thoughts on Vital Population Statistics

By JOHN GORE

VITAL STATISTICS.—I am always entranced by statistics called "vital"—that is, trends of population; size of families, number of centenarians and others who "cheat the psalmist," and so on. In my ignorance I see the real cause of most of our troubles at home and abroad as due to too many people demanding a share of too few commodities, food and so forth. I see the problem very simply and childishly, on the Dickens model. If I live in a small island which can produce the necessities of life for ten people, the result is happiness. If I increase my population to twelve, the result is misery, grabbing, jealousy, murder, starvation, or austerity at best. It looks like simple logic and unanswerable, and I think it *is* unanswerable if all the world adhered to the principle that "ten is happiness and a dozen misery." But that is not so. To-day it is not so anywhere, and in Asia it is not so emphatically. That being so, the thinkers demand that this island of ours must carry a population vastly in excess of what it can feed in order to export goods in exchange for the food which our surplus population requires and to provide soldiers to defend ourselves from the attacks of those who are "have-nots" to a greater degree than we ourselves.

In 1700 this island carried 7,000,000 souls, and it could support them. To-day it carries seven times that number, and can't support half of them, with all help from science. Most of this astronomical growth occurred in the nineteenth century, when the thinkers were in no doubt that more and more babies were essential if Britain was to become and remain a strong and rich nation, centre of a great Empire and leading commercial world-power. No one except a few "cranks," like the late Malthus, questioned the wisdom of the proposition and all concerned rallied to the call.

Nineteenth-century Progress.—The scientists began to reduce infant mortality, the industrialists crowded the cities and drained the labour supplies from the food-bearing lands, and our grandparents did their duty as nobly as their forbears had done in Queen Anne's time, when fewer than half the children born survived to their fifteenth year. By 1840, 66 per cent. of all girls born reached adult age, and at least 33 per cent. lived to be sixty-five. (To-day the corresponding figures are 94 per cent. and 71 per cent.)

Our grandparents did their bit. My paternal grandfather was the youngest son of nine children. My paternal grandmother had fourteen brothers and sisters, almost all long-lived and three at least nonagenarians. My paternal grandmother gave birth to seven children (of whom two reached the middle nineties and two more the eighties). In those days, and much later, over 10 per cent. of marriages produced ten or more children, 65 per cent. did better than five. (To-day, marriages produce an average of 2.2 children.)

In the 1870's, the birth rate began to fall. The scientists were getting really clever, and our parents were becoming worldly wise. By 1900, the average size of family per marriage had dropped to a little over three. My own family had throughout more than done its duty. My father and mother had four children. My brother and I had three apiece.

This check to population increase towards the end of the nineteenth century was regarded as a good thing, because, if it had continued at the nineteenth-century rate, we should have had to support 130,000,000 in our island, and it is not too easy to support 49,000,000, is it? But now the reaction has *gone too far*. All the clever men and women who for five years have been brooding over these vital statistics are unanimous in thinking that 2.2 children per marriage are not enough. We must work back to 2.4

The Mystic Fraction.—Exactly what security or necessity or amenity that extra 0.2 of a child will bring to our nation, the Commission does not make clear to me. It tells us that it will help us to export about 50,000 a year for the next few decades to countries in the Commonwealth which can still feed their own mouths, and it will do something to redress the adverse balance of the aged population. For the proportion of old people (the over sixty-fives) is increasing and will increase alarmingly for another thirty years.

There are other reasons why this extra one-fifth of a child is essential, but I cannot stop to worry them out. The thinkers admit that one thing might upset their certainty that that 0.2 increase is essential. If atom bombing becomes fashionable, that extra effort on our part might be mere waste of time and energy, and even imprudent. But as far as feeding mouths is concerned, we need have no doubt or anxiety. Lord Boyd-Orr and his croakers can be disregarded. They are mere out-of-date Malthuses. The extra 0.2 will be found in food and employment and will be stimulated to birth by much larger family allowances. And these extra allowances will be particularly dangled before the intelligentsia. They want you and me, who work in black coats, to do our extra bit before the *working man*, because we are so clever and so refined. And they feel that that extra 0.2 child should be as like you and me as possible. They think that you and I have been too much discouraged and repressed; that, after all, we have a contribution to make to an ideal Britain, and so there 's a good time (at last coming for us once more. If our own children do their bit and step up production to the mystic figure of 2.4 children ... though their income be £1,000 a year, the State will secure them a handsome bonus or allowance per child, and even the first-born will not come into the world entirely undowered and unacknowledged.

All this is moderately encouraging to me... though I dare say Mr. Be... will be angry about s... of the report. But, ... most things wh... encourage me, I ... accept in blind faith ... whole lot of things wh... I could not accep... truth by the pr... of legal evidence ... are dear to a mem... of the Inner Temple a... even to a rustic J.P. (of whom nowad... Lord Jowitt, the L... Chancellor, dem... so much beside ho... sense, common sc... and rough justice). ... own children, too, must take a good deal ... trust before they spur themselves to the gr... effort of self-production which the Report dema... the intelligentsia. For the carrot dangled is ... enough." A promise of a family allowance ... rather higher income grade will hardly pay for ... extra one-fifth of a child, so long as the cost ... giving a child an education which is even re... fitted to civilised citizenship may ... the parent up to £400 a year, ... while the chance of inheriting ... small percentage of grandpapa's ... ings for his children is still ... ever more drastically pruned and ... parent's income from his own indust... is taxed at 9s. in the pound. ... finally, while the prospects of ... plenty and security are still ... beyond the far horizon, ca... in self-production may continue ... remain in fashion.

WHERE THE FIRST OF BRITAIN'S NEW SATELLITE TOWNS IS TO RISE: Looking across the countryside to Old Stevenage, showing part of the terrain on which will be built the model town of 60,000 inhabitants. At neighbouring Aston Hall is the headquarters of the planning staff, where architects, engineers, surveyors and clerks have been busy making preparations for the building programme. An important feature of the work at headquarters is the soil-testing laboratory, where samples from the neighbourhood—sands, clays and marls—are carefully examined for the information of those who will actually work on the site

THE MAKING OF MODERN STEVENAGE: Mr. R. A. Pisturius comparing a relief model of the site as it is to-day with a draft of the master plan for Britain's first satellite town

LAYING A GRID LINE ON THE SITE OF THE NEW SATELLITE TOWN: Engineers P. K. Wooldridge and T. R. Button at work in one of the virgin fields at Stevenage. They operate from the Stevenage Planning Headquarters at Aston Hall, and as a result of their work and the work of the planning staff generally, it is intended that the new Stevenage shall not suffer from badly sited houses or badly planned neighbourhood communities. The present Chairman of the Stevenage Development Corporation is Alderman the Rev. Charles Jenkinson, who is also leader of the Leeds City Council.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE LOVES OF LAURE JUNOT

Countess Waldeck Tells the Tender Story of "The Emperor's Duchess"

THE romantic approach is used in fiction perhaps more often than strictly necessary, and certainly this is true of that form of fiction, the historical novel, a dangerously vague term in itself. There seems to be something particularly tempting in trying this kind of approach in writing of the late eighteenth century, and the very early nineteenth century. Whether it is the Reign of Terror or the First Empire, a novelist must be hard-headed to a degree not to describe them in terms of the *feuilleton*, or to give them colours more rich and varied than ever were on land or sea. Countess Waldeck gives no sign of such restraint in dealing with Napoleon, his friend and general, Junot, and Junot's attractive wife, in THE EMPEROR'S DUCHESS (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.). Instead, this author appears to see events through a mist of gold-spangled gauze, which has the effect of making the events more remote and hazy than ever, and robbing them of any terror they may conceivably have held. It is also relevant to say at this point that the Countess knows how to tell a story, and that the loves of Laure Junot, Metternich and others, have probably never had a more tender, if not a more exact, recital.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—A Romance (Heinemann. 15s.), is quite a tome: an impressive book of nearly 770 pages, written by M. Mario Ghisalberti in a serious attempt to inquire into the character of the great explorer, whose achievement has tended to eclipse the man himself. He was, in his own day and ever since, a subject for discussion, often of a passionate nature, and there remain two widely opposed schools of thought about him. One of these holds that a spirit of holiness surrounded him even from his birth, and that "he who does not believe in the supernatural can never hope to understand Christopher Columbus," while the other believes that Columbus either discovered America by mistake, or did so because someone else told him how to set about it. M. Ghisalberti's own choice has been made, and it is well worth reading this long but never tedious book to discover just what that is. The translation, by the way, by Una Troubridge, is excellent.

As we go to press, Miss D. A. Bonavia-Hunt is the name of the bravest lady in contemporary fiction, for she has written a novel which purports to be a continuation of *Pride and Prejudice*, and it is a safe bet that the Janeites in their hundreds, and possibly in their thousands, will be submitting it to the most rigorously critical reading. PEMBERLEY SHADES (Wingate. 9s. 6d.), judged quite separately from that circumstance, though that is now manifestly impossible, would be quite an entertaining little book, in which the author's light, lively and elegant style made an agreeable impression. It is not, however, the impression made by Jane Austen's style, and for that discrepancy the reader can scarcely be blamed.

Mr. Humfrey Jordan has been called the novelist of the Merchant Navy, and I would say that that was an honourable and well-deserved title, to which his new book confirms him. There is about all his writing a pleasant and sober strength that takes the place of polish, and a warmth of feeling that is none the less sincere for being controlled. BLUE WATER DWELLING (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) illustrates these qualities as well as anything he has written, and it is, besides, a deeply interesting picture of a cargo-and-passenger ship in the course of her proper business.

The *Seeker* was a new ship, built to order for a man of riches, who saw her as an expression of an idea that he had long wanted to make concrete. At first he had intended to make the ship his home, to trade in her, live in her and be her master in all things but navigation. When he realised this would have been impracticable, he decided that she should be owned by the men who served her, that they must have a financial stake in her, and that her success must give them theirs. The way in which this theory was in fact put into practice by a hand-picked group of men and one remarkable woman makes one of the best sea-stories I remember reading for many, many months.

PARIS GETS ITS FIRST BUST OF ROBESPIERRE: The sculptor, M. Seraphin, standing beside his bust of the arch-theorist of the French Revolution which has lately been set up in the suburb of St. Denis. Next week is the 155th anniversary of Robespierre's execution

The sea plays an important part in Mr. Robin Estridge's new novel, too, though here it is not the deep-sea lanes and the business of a tramp steamer that are in question, but the sea as it appears to a solitary yachtsman to whom the combination of sea and sail offers the only cure for a weakness of body and spirit. MEETING ON THE SHORE (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is written in a very different mood from Mr. Jordan's book, but it has none the less something of the same simplicity and the same charm, which are radiantly clear even to the necessarily limited understanding of the landlubber.

THE LOST CHART (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Neil M. Gunn's new novel, and, although it has a characteristic blend of high adventure, sea ways, Celtic lore and intellectual argument, I found it less satisfying than one or two of his others, principally because of its occasional obscurities. This was all the more distressing because of my genuine admiration for this writer's work. He is a born writer, but one feels, too, that he is one who works hard at his craft; who respects it and is constantly trying to improve his technique of expression. Perhaps it simply is that sometimes he tries too hard, for who can enjoy a sentence like the following: "Perceptive of the conflict in the august drama, perceptive of the ultimate duality in human destiny and capable of its expression in definite and ineluctable terms . . ."? Simplicity, too, has its value.

STRANGE SANCTUARY (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) is a Ruritanian romance brought more or less up to date, with Jewish refugees and hell-ships and Sten guns, but it is none the less in the truly Ruritanian tradition and, in its more carefree passages, as welcome as a breeze from a mountain meadow. I understand that this is Mr. Ewan Butler's first novel, though a certain freshness is the only clue to that.

The brilliant young team of Langley and Pynegar, or, more respectfully, Mr. Noel Langley and Miss Hazel Pynegar, have done it again. They have written another novel in collaboration, that is both mordant, witty, realistic and just plain funny. It is for the most part a little stark in its effect, and not designed for the lavender-and-old-lace type of reader, but it is fine entertainment and, in its way, highly moral. SOMEBODY'S ROCKING MY DREAMBOAT (Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.) may not have a plot that Balzac would have envied, but it tells a story worth telling, of a handful of women about to sail from England in 1941 with children, mostly unrelated to them, who are their excuses for exit permits. This is a novel of behaviour—and what behaviour! Read it for yourself to find out.

MAMIE BRANDON (Home and Van Thal. 10s. 6d.) is a big, sprawling novel about a big sprawling woman who bitterly regrets her marriage to a brutal farmer, bitterly regrets her young lover and comes bitterly to the final tragedy of her life. Mr. Jack Sheridan writes of her adventures in a style that is an odd alternation of American crispness with unctuous deliberation.

BLENHEIM ORANGE (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is an unusual kind of novel, and a delightful one; a chronicle of life in a country village and, in more detail, in a country garden, from 1912 to 1934. Mr. H. W. Freeman writes at least as well about the earth and its products as he does about the human beings of his simple but touching story, and I recommend this book to you as one for quiet and placid enjoyment.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) first saw the light in a theatre where, earlier this season, in London, it was presented as an amusing little comedy of naval manners. I think on the whole though, that I prefer it in its present form as an entertaining novel, based on a foundation of perfectly good sense, and a profound experience of what is *not* done in naval circles. Gilbert Hackforth-Jones contrives this story really well.

Unfettered Thoughts of JOSEPH STILWELL

"Brooke got nasty and King got good and sore. King almost climbed over the table at Brooke. God, he was mad. I wish he had socked him." That, believe it or not, is an extract, almost a typical extract, from the personal diary of General Joseph W. Stilwell. It relates to a meeting of the Combined Chiefs of Staff at the Cairo Conference in November 1943, and the two protagonists referred to were Admiral Ernest King, Chief of Naval Operations U.S. Navy, and Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke (later Lord Alanbrooke) Chief of the Imperial General Staff. THE STILWELL PAPERS (Macdonald. 18s.) are full of this sort of crude violence, most of it ungenerous, a great deal of it offensively unnecessary, as witness the following: "I went down to Colombo to welcome Mountbatten on his return. I went to the zoo first to look at the monkeys just to get in the mood." It is a great pity indeed that Mrs. Stilwell has seen fit to let these outpourings of her husband see the light of day. Stilwell was no politician, there was nothing of the diplomatist in his make-up. The world will always remember "Vinegar Joe," as he was called, for his heroic advance in 1944 from the Assam-Burma border to Myitkyina, 200 miles to the south over country of incredible difficulty. With him went untested Chinese infantry; ahead of him were battle-hardened Japanese. It was a masterly achievement in jungle warfare. It was Stilwell's tragedy that as Chief of Staff to Chiang Kai-shek, whom he abhorred, and as second in command to Mountbatten in South-East Asia, he had to dabble also in politics. For such a role he was hopelessly unfitted. In his judgments Stilwell was entirely without generosity. He had no admiration to spare for others. In fact, abuse was his main armament.

Rosita Forbes, who crossed the Libyan Desert in native costume in 1920, visiting in 1921 the mysterious headquarters of the Senussi at Kufra, who made a trip to unknown Asir in 1922-23 and a cinema expedition through Abyssinia in 1924-25, has confronted the reading public with her adventures for over a quarter of a century, and in that time she has met an almost inconceivable number of celebrities and, of course, a great many interesting people. Her latest book, APPOINTMENT IN THE SUN (Cassel. 21s.), is a judicious abridgement of *Gypsy in the Sun* and *Appointment with Destiny*. The result is an autobiography covering the years 1920-1943, from the days of her first Near Eastern adventures to her war years as a War Office lecturer. They were crowded, unflagging years; but some may find the accent on the personal pronoun fatiguing, and after a time pictures of the author in Ecuador, the author on the Lido, the author in Antofagasta, not to mention the author in Arabian dress (a) in the desert and (b) at Mrs. Benjamin Guiness's ball, do not arouse much enthusiasm.

Very much more in the modern idiom is David Walker's WE WENT TO AUSTRALIA (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.). This is a first-class piece of reporting by a foreign correspondent, who in 20,000 miles of travel in the Commonwealth became convinced that "With due respect to Captain Cook, this is the undiscovered continent of the twentieth century." The best chapter of all is on the pearl divers of Broome, in Australia's forgotten North-West, and there is also a brief, well-documented account of Australian wine-making. Mr. Walker is an engaging guide, never frothy, sometimes enthusiastic, always careful in his assessments.

The King's England, a new Domesday Book of 10,000 towns and villages, was the brilliant conception of the late Arthur Mee. There are forty-one volumes in this magnificent "County" series, and it is said that the compilers travelled 500,000 miles in their researches. The latest volume to be made available is LINCOLNSHIRE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.). It contains 450 pages and deals with some 534 places in a most complete manner. Its attractive style in the well-known Arthur Mee vein makes this very much more than a mere work of reference. The 118 illustrations are in photogravure.

Dickens's first attempt at the historical novel, repeated only in *Tale of Two Cities*, was *Barnaby Rudge*. Somehow this story of the riots of '80 never quite captured the imagination of his readers, perhaps because it lacked local colour, but BARNABY RUDGE has its following even now, 108 years after publication, and it now takes its place in that admirable series the *Macdonald Illustrated Classics* (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.)

COUNTRY COMPANY (Blandford Press. 12s. 6d.) is a new rural miscellany compiled by Richard Harman. Howard Spring, A. G. Street and Wentworth Day are numbered among the contributors.

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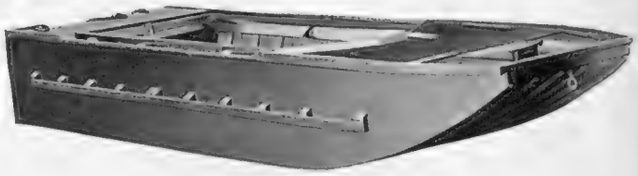

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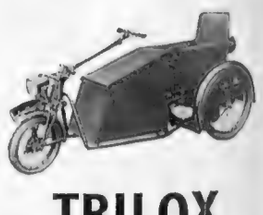

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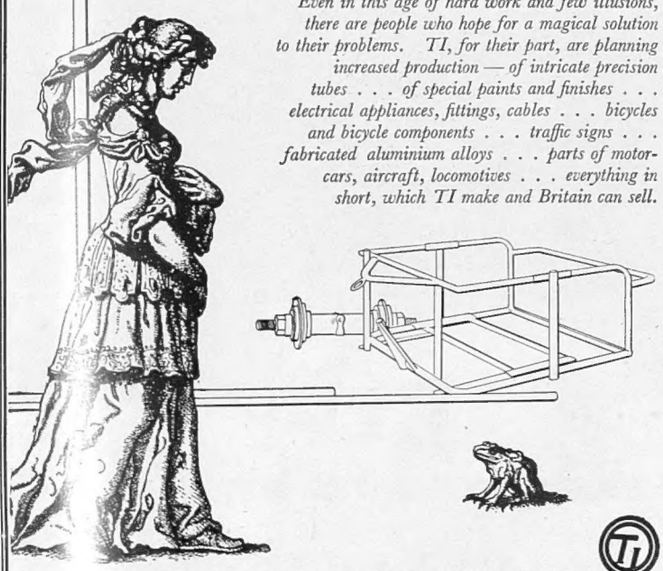

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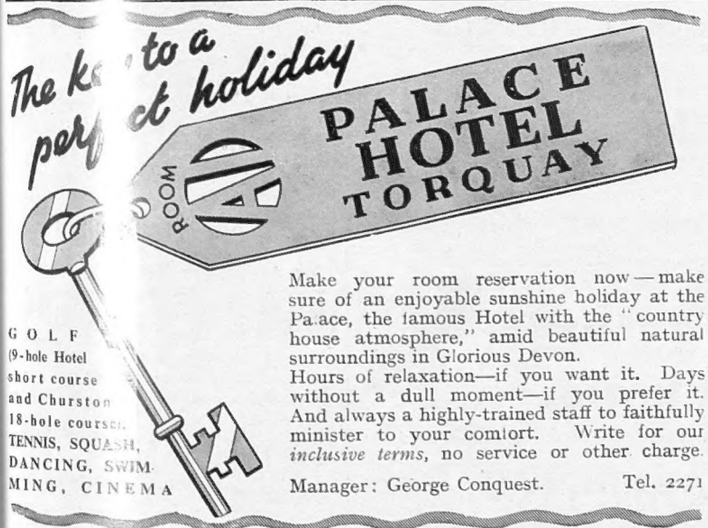

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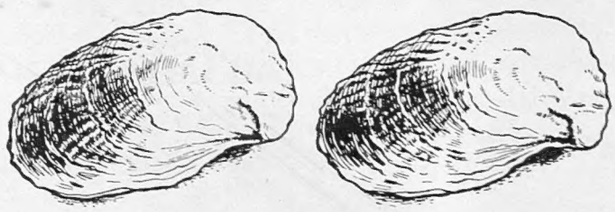

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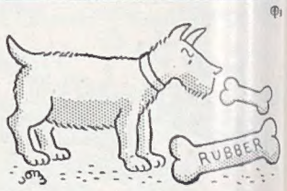

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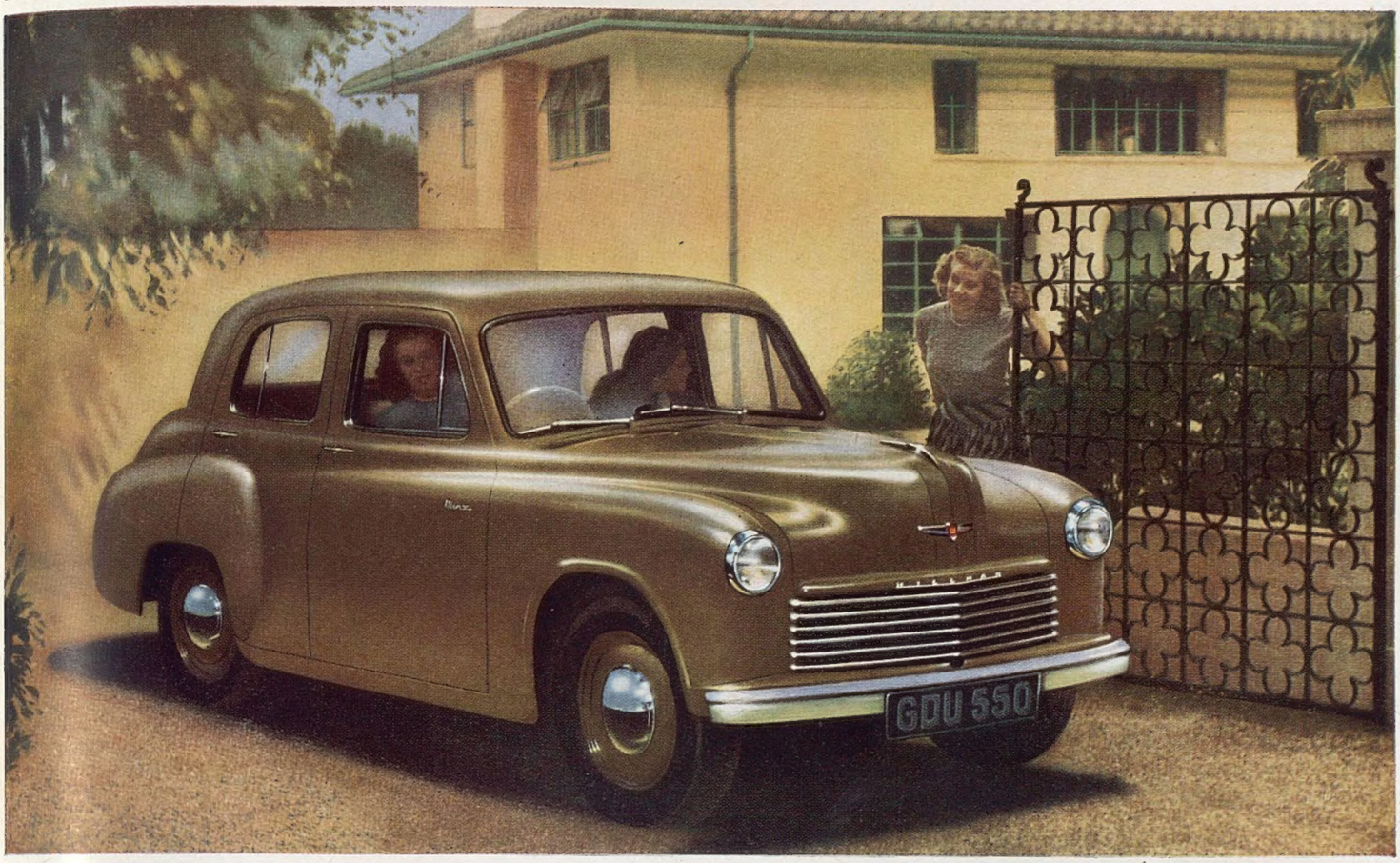

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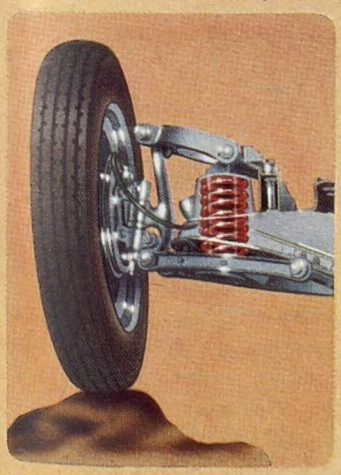

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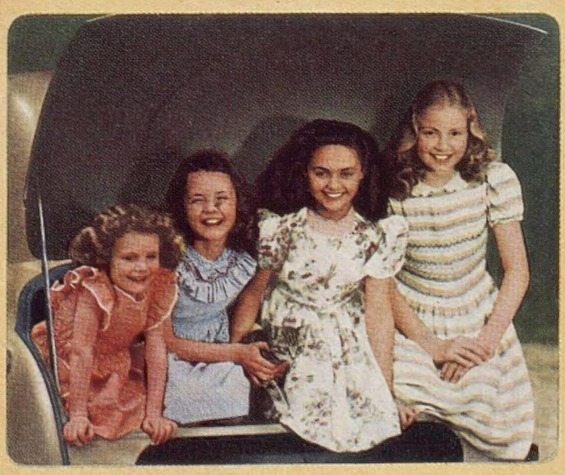

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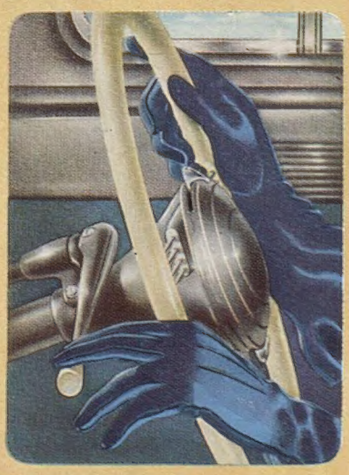

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Grantham

A board near the unique sign of "The Beehive" in Castlegate, Grantham, bears the legend "*Stop, traveller, this wondrous sign explore, And say when thou hast viewed it o'er and o'er: Grantham, two rarities are thine, A Lofty Steeple and a Living Sign.*" When, however, as not infrequently happens, the skep is inhabited, motorists may be better advised to ignore the ancient rhymester's injunction and to explore instead the more convivial hospitality within the famous little tavern. The "lofty steeple" is that of St. Wulfran's, seen in the distance. These quaint inn signs add much to the pleasure of motoring which John Boyd Dunlop's epic invention of the pneumatic tyre has brought within reach of all.

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